WAS NO POP-OFF—They Made Me One by DIZZY DEAN

Liberty

AUG. 6,
1938

5¢

HOWARD CONNOLLY

How to Clean House in the Medical Profession

By the author of "Doctors Don't Tell"

HOW HONEST IS THE OXFORD GROUP? by Emily Newell Blair

CONFESSIONS

OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

OLYMPE BRADNA
Introduced by Columnist Louis Sobol.

BASIL RATHBONE
He reveals the love life of a villain.

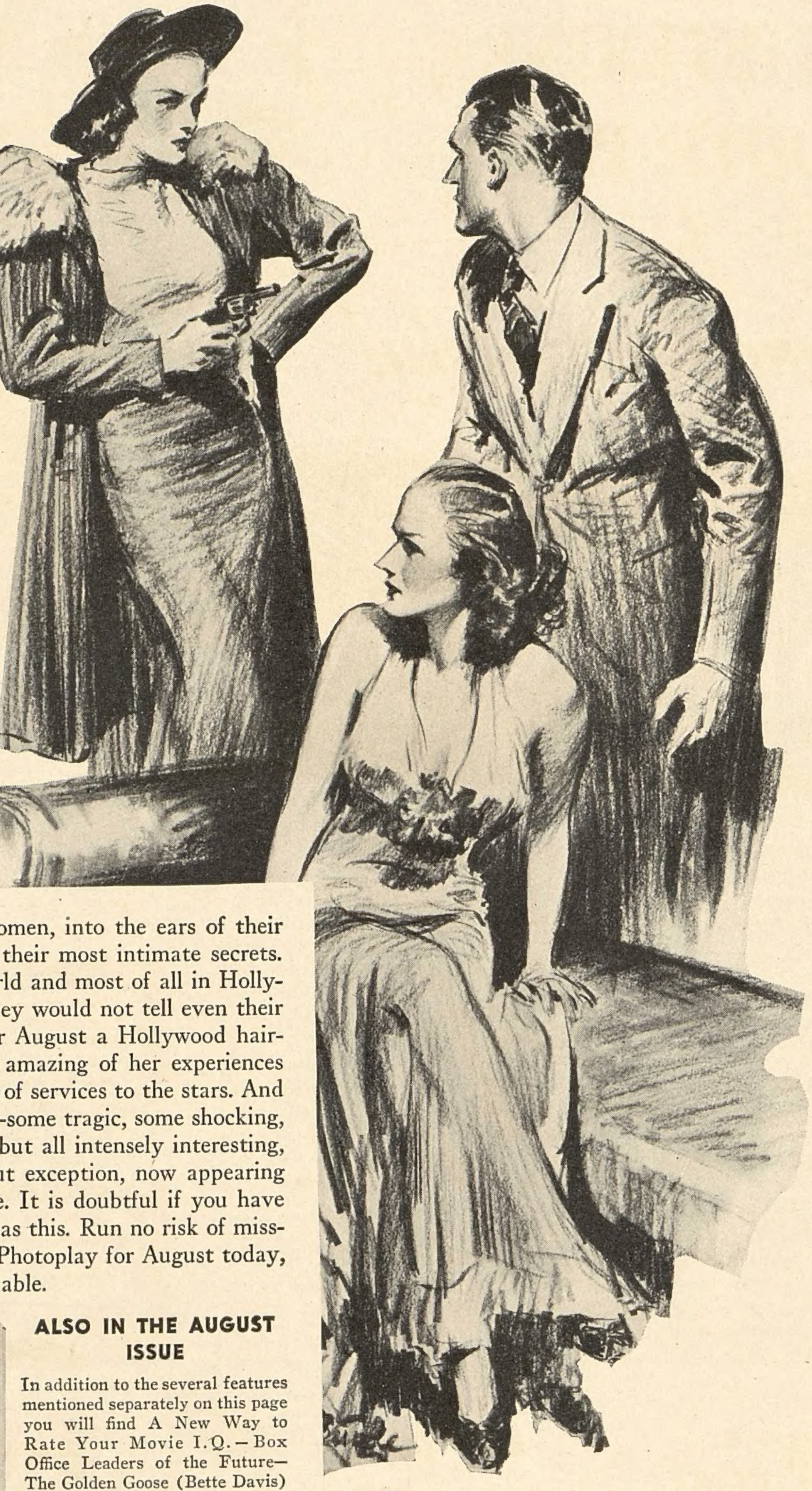
KATHARINE HEPBURN
She discloses her amazing secret fight.

ADOLPHE MENJOU
He has had three careers.

GENE RAYMOND *and* **JEANETTE MacDONALD**
They find marriage a laughing matter.

GINGER ROGERS
She directs a touching love story.

. . . . and if what happened had ever leaked out, there would have been another big Hollywood scandal.



So long as women are women, into the ears of their beauty operators will go their most intimate secrets. It is true all over the world and most of all in Hollywood. They tell things they would not tell even their doctors. In Photoplay for August a Hollywood hairdresser reveals the most amazing of her experiences during her eighteen years of services to the stars. And they are indeed amazing—some tragic, some shocking, some screamingly funny but all intensely interesting, enlightening—and, without exception, now appearing in print for the first time. It is doubtful if you have ever read such an article as this. Run no risk of missing it. Get your copy of Photoplay for August today, now, while it is still available.

PHOTOPLAY
ANOTHER GREAT FORBIDDEN LOVE STORY By Adela Rogers St. Johns
CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

ALSO IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

In addition to the several features mentioned separately on this page you will find A New Way to Rate Your Movie I.Q.—Box Office Leaders of the Future—The Golden Goose (Bette Davis) Reaches Thirty—Gorgeous Summer Styles Displayed by Barbara Stanwyck—Laughs and Tears by Hugh Herbert—Mussolini, Movie Star—Hollywood Brainstorms and many other absorbing features—all profusely illustrated—that you should read by all means.

AUGUST

PHOTOPLAY

THE *New* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE *has sold me completely!*

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

Luster-Foam's dainty, gentle "bubble bath" surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, *energized* tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an *unfelt*, but none the less *real* miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

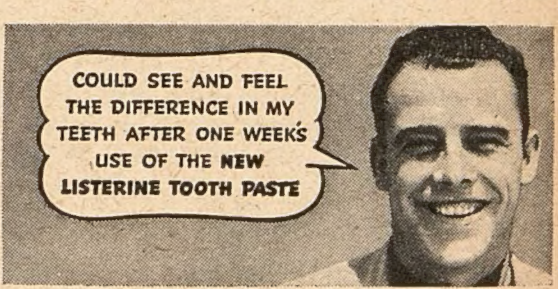
Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments below are typical:


COULD SEE AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN MY TEETH AFTER ONE WEEK'S USE OF THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

NEVER SAW SUCH CLEANSING AND LUSTER AS THRILLING LUSTER-FOAM GIVES

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

FOR *Super-cleansing*

NEW!

NEW
DOUBLE SIZE
LAMBERT PHAR
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
25¢
REGULAR SIZE
DOUBLE SIZE
40¢

AUGUST 6, 1938

Liberty

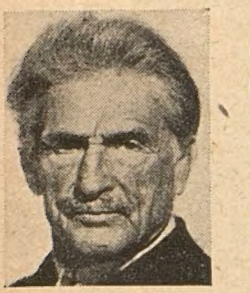
VOL. 15, NO. 32

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

VIGILANTE COMMITTEES FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT AT THE POLLS



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Law and order was given but little consideration in many sections of this country during pioneer times. Thickly settled communities were few and far between. Towns, villages sprang into life almost overnight, especially in mining districts. Lawlessness was rampant in many sections of the country, and when crime became unduly prevalent in any community, the law-abiding citizens frequently joined together to wipe out these perilous conditions.

They formed what were called vigilante committees, and the penalties exacted were usually swift and certain. Many innocent victims swung from the limbs of trees or other convenient supports for the hangman's ropes. Though in recent years the name vigilantes has been used for lawless gangs and is to a certain extent not unlike a red flag to conservative people, yet there is no other name that is quite so appropriate in fighting the present reckless official lawlessness. This daring disregard of our legislative edicts does not differ greatly from that which existed during the hectic pioneer days. The policy of some of our politicians is such that "to hell with law and order" is their apparent attitude. We are the law and the king can do no wrong, is the political order of the day in many communities throughout this country.

It may be a penitentiary offense for a citizen to influence unduly the right of suffrage of any of our voters; but political favorites with governmental backing can use the money supplied for the relief of starving victims of this New Deal depression for the direct purpose of adding votes for their favorite candidates.

Even the amendments suggested by Washington legislators to guard against this lawlessness were rejected.

In previous elections this criminal diversion of the right of suffrage has been pursued in some communities out in the open. Direct charges have been published in the daily papers throughout the country. They have been made in Congress, and no one questions their accuracy.

If the American system of government is to be perpetuated . . . if there is any chance whatsoever of our maintaining the liberties which we have enjoyed in the past . . . this vote buying by officials directly or indirectly should be condemned and properly penalized. Apparently, from past experience, we cannot depend for action on many of the elected representatives whose oaths of office should compel them to assume this responsibility.

Therefore, if this official lawlessness that threatens our democratic system is to be effectively attacked, it must be done by indignant and outraged citizens who have the courage and spirit to fight an evil like this with every means at their command.

Every patriotic organization, whether or not it has political alliances, should fight against such lawlessness.

The activities of Tom Dewey, New York's prosecuting attorney, might be fittingly compared to the vigilante committees of pioneer times, who fought with such fury and ardor for the preservation of law and order; and Dewey with his group of fighters might be termed modern vigilantes in attacking the lawlessness that has been backed officially in New York City for generations.

We need that kind of courageous vigilante committees in every voting precinct. They should have private detectives to assist them, and when the evidence is presented to the officials in charge and these refuse to act immediately, drastic efforts should be made to remove them from office.

Law and order should be demanded inside and outside governmental circles, and if in some instances, in order to insure respect for our American system, it is necessary to use drastic methods, doubtless upstanding loyal citizens will commend such actions.

We are fighting at this time to save the American system; and every intelligent citizen knows that if votes were cast according to the dictates of the intelligence and conscience of our people, our old-time liberties would be safely retained. But when votes are diverted by money taken from the United States Treasury or other governmental sources, the statement that we are facing a perilous situation is not by any means exaggerated.

Frank Gannett, one of our hardheaded newspaper publishers, stated recently in a public address that he was terrified at the dangers we are facing; and every intelligent observer of the New Deal's determination to change our form of government, regardless of industrial wreckage, doubtless has similar views.

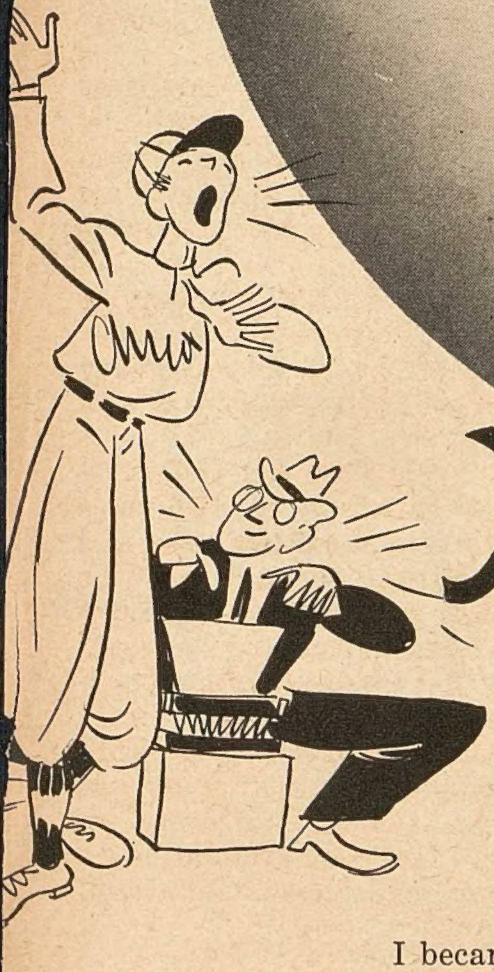
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 54

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

I WAS NO POP-OFF—They Made Me One



BY DIZZY DEAN

I AM not a pop-off guy. I wasn't born to be one, and I shan't allow any one to persuade me to become one—again.

I became a synthetic loudmouth because business demanded it—business in the form of the front office of the St. Louis National League Baseball Club; in the form of Branch Rickey and Sam Breadon.

When I popped off and made a fool of myself, I got into print. When I got into print, I made people curious about me. When I made people curious about me, they paid money to see me. When they paid money to see me, I was the big gate attraction of baseball and Rickey and Breadon got rich.

In a sense, I got rich, too. Certainly a lot richer than I ever had hoped to be before I discovered that my destiny was professional baseball. Richer, that is, in bank deposits, real estate, trust funds, and silk underwear.

I am not, however, as rich in several important things in life. Things more important than money. I am not as rich in friends and the respect of those to whom my means of making a living has made my name familiar. I

A sport sensation! A disillusioned star debunks his own rise to baseball fame

am not as rich in these two priceless things because two clever men desired to be richer in gold, and I was the monkey who pulled their chestnuts out of the fire.

Branch Rickey and Sam Breadon care, in a solemn, devoted way, for money. Baseball as a sport with them is something for the Gee Whizz school of baseball farm hands to hear about when they're thinking of asking for a raise. Why, may I ask, should it be otherwise? It has made them wealthy men in a few short busy years.

I was a dumb, eager, gullible country bumpkin when I got into their organization. I'd been raised in poverty. My father was honest, industrious, and temperate. He was frugal, too, because he had no opportunity to be otherwise. He was a farmer and a good one. He knew crops, land, markets, and livestock, but he didn't know boll weevil, chinch bugs, blight, and bad weather, and they all seemed to take turns at sneaking up on him and wrecking his hopes.

My mother died when I was three. My father sent me to public school, but I had little chance to play there. Always I had to hurry home and help him grind a living out of the poor soil that we invariably found. Most of the time it was a bitter struggle for something to eat and a pair of denim overalls to cover my lanky bones. Such was my life until I turned sixteen.

I am putting in this background for a reason that will be clear later. At sixteen I told my father that he had enough to do to keep Paul, my kid brother, clothed and fed. I told him I wanted to relieve him of the burden of supporting me, so he would have a better chance of helping Paul.

In this mood I joined the army. I'd never remembered tears in my father's eyes until that day he saw me off at the station. I'd been too young to remember his grief when my mother died, and he'd been a stolid, closemouthed man since. So it was a shock to me to see tears come to his eyes as he shook my hand and to hear his voice tremble as he said, "I'll buy you out, son, the first good cotton year I get."

Vice-President Branch Rickey and President Sam Breadon of the St. Louis Cardinals. Right: Dizzy and Mrs. Dean.

He made good on that promise, and not long afterward. Made good on it, although it took almost every dollar he got out of his first good cotton crop, leaving him barely enough to buy himself a new suit of denim.

I went to Fort Sam Houston, at San Antonio, with the Twelfth Field Artillery. In my first week at camp, some one suggested a baseball game. I'd never played any baseball except one-eyed cat, and they put me out in right field. They gave me a fielder's glove, the first I'd ever seen. On the first ball hit to me I saw a leather-covered baseball for the first time. The ones Paul and I had played with had been homemade from twine, with a piece of rubber heel for a core.

Before that game was over I was pitching. Apparently I had a naturally strong arm, because I was fogging them in so fast nobody could hit me. For the rest of that season I was a pitcher. The following spring I decided to go down to the San Antonio club park and see the New York Giants, who were then managed by John McGraw. Somebody had kidded me into telling him I was a pitcher and asking for a job. He was very nice to me. Oh, very nice. He told me to get to heck out of the ball park before somebody batted me out with a fungo stick.

I tried several other managers after that, with equal success. They all chased me off the premises without giving me a chance to throw a ball. I later learned that this was because soldiers were always trying to get into big-league or Texas League uniforms as a means of getting out of the army.

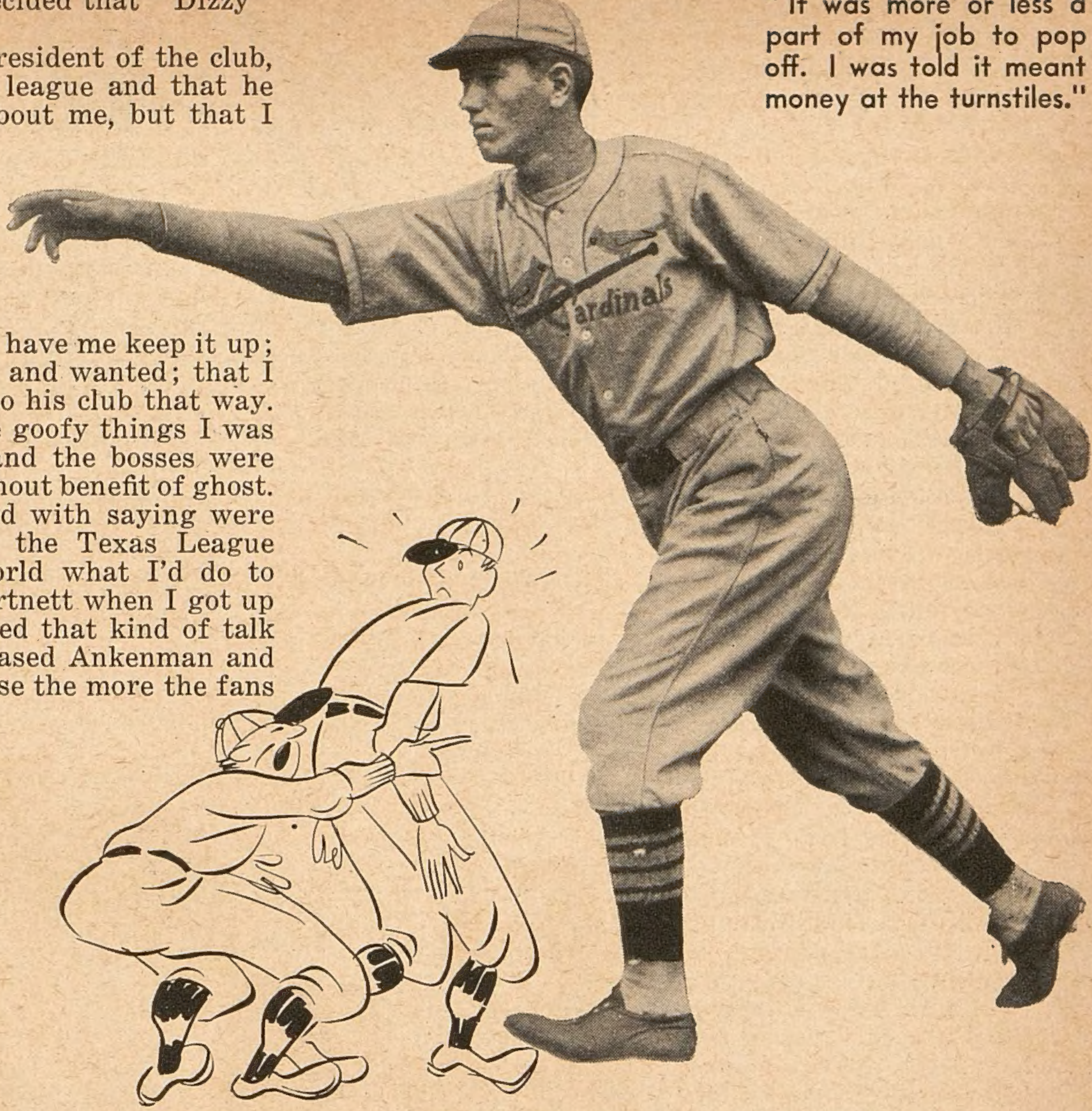
The San Antonio Public Service Corporation asked me to pitch for their club, provided I could get out of the army. I could have gotten out, but it took a hundred dollars, and I didn't have it. I used to write to my father once or twice a week, and when the Public Service people said they'd give me a job for thirty dollars a week if I could get out and pitch for them, I made the mistake of telling him about it in one of my letters.

In less than a week he sent me the hundred dollars. He'd sold his cotton crop prematurely and at a low price so he could buy me out then. During the remainder of that summer and the early part of the next I won sixteen consecutive games for Public Service, and every newspaper in San Antonio was making a to-do about me. It was during this winning streak that the Houston team, a Cardinal farm, came to town, and Frank Snyder, the Houston manager, came out to see me.

He asked me why I hadn't tried out with the San Antonio club, and I told him I'd been chased out of the park and didn't think I ought to bother them again. He told me to be at the ball park that afternoon, and then he left.

I went out to the park and he put on a catcher's mitt and told me to throw him a few. I threw just five balls and he threw the mitt at the Houston bench and made a beeline for a telephone. He telephoned Houston and told the office there to call St. Louis and have them send Don Curtis, their Texas scout, out to sign me right away. Curtis came around and signed me and I went to Houston, and that's where I ceased to be Jerome, or Jay, Dean, gawky country boy, and became Dizzy Dean, pop-off and wise guy.

There was a little redheaded grinning fellow named Andy Anderson writing sports in Houston. He got the idea that I was something out of Ring Lardner. He kept encouraging me to pop off, but I didn't want to. I was afraid to talk too much around the experienced professionals. But now and then I would say something about fogging my fast one through, and that expression tickled Anderson. He started calling me "Foggy," but later he decided that "Dizzy" was funnier and stuck to that.


"It was more or less a part of my job to pop off. I was told it meant money at the turnstiles."

Anderson told Fred Ankenman, president of the club, that I was the hottest news in the league and that he would like to write a daily story about me, but that I wouldn't shoot off my mouth enough. Ankenman told me it would be a good idea, for the publicity, if I let Anderson say things for me and tried to say a few for myself.

I agreed to try, and the thing went over big. Rickey heard about it in St. Louis and told Ankenman to have me keep it up; that color was what baseball needed and wanted; that I could make myself worth a million to his club that way. I didn't like the looks of some of the goofy things I was supposed to say, but I had a job, and the bosses were speaking, so I popped off, with or without benefit of ghost.

Some of the things I was credited with saying were pretty stupid. Things like calling the Texas League hitters bushers, and telling the world what I'd do to Klein and O'Doul and Terry and Hartnett when I got up there. People in other towns resented that kind of talk and started to ride me, but that pleased Ankenman and the big bosses more than ever, because the more the fans rode me, the harder I pitched and the more games I won. Also (and this is most important) the more people paid to get into the ball parks when I was scheduled to pitch.

I went up to St. Louis that year, but was sent out again. There is a story that I was sent back because I shot off my mouth to Bottomley, Frisch, Hafey, Haines, Mancuso, and some of the other old-timers, but that isn't true.

I was sent back because I needed some more experience. But that was the story and I was stuck with it.

I went back to Houston in 1931 and was married there. It was at the time of my marriage that for the first time I kicked over the traces on the pop-off and wise-guy stuff. When Patricia Nash and I announced to the club officials that we were going to be married, Joe Schultz, who was the Houston manager then, and Ankenman told us that we'd have to be married at home plate, before a night game. The big boss, they said, figured it would be swell publicity.

I refused point blank. I couldn't do anything else. After all, I was marrying Patricia because I loved her and wanted her to respect me. I wanted people to respect her. I didn't want to have my children grow up and know that their father and mother had thought so little of the sacredness of marriage that they made a spectacle of their wedding, and I knew Patricia felt that way.

Creating rows, sticking out his hillbilly neck for publicity purposes involved other headaches, Dizzy learned. Did the office protect him when he was put on the spot? Read his own version—the second article in this series—next week!

The wedding at the home plate had to be called off, of course, but there had been a lot of publicity about it, and when we didn't go through with it many newspapermen and the press associations which had sent the story over the country were pretty sore.

Naturally, they blamed me, and I, of course, was the one who actually was to blame. I hadn't had anything to do with the idea in the first place, or with the publicity, but I got credit for having messed up a good story just the same. The front office saw to that.

When I finally reached the Cardinals to stay, I realized that it was more or less a part of my job to pop off. I was told again and again that it meant money at the turnstiles and that money at the turnstiles meant money to me. Big, important money. The kind of money I wanted more than anything, I suppose, in the world. I wanted it because I wanted security, wanted to know that my wife and father and brothers would never have to want for life's necessities. I wanted to abolish the fear that I might sometime have to live as bleakly and as meagerly as my father had.

Does that sound mercenary, or exaggerated? If you, the reader, ever lived as a cotton farmer lives in bad years—and it seemed all our years were bad—you will understand. If you've worked barefooted with a hoe in the scorching red soil of any Oklahoma cotton field from an hour before daybreak until long after dusk, you'll understand. If you've seen your mother fade and die much too young because all the strength and frugality and love in your father's body couldn't give her the strengthening food and rest she needed, you'll understand.

You'll understand that I could even consent to being the monkey (or the ape or the baboon) who pulled clever men's chestnuts from the fire if by doing so I could be sure of having the security that meant an end forever to the things I feared so much.

So it was that when I was told to be wild and woolly and full of fleas because it meant money in the bank, I was wild and woolly and full of fleas. I told tall stories and suffered tall stories to be told about me. I was always popping off and showing off.

After I'd been up with the Cardinals for a time, Rickey began taking me around to banquets where I would be asked to talk. I was scared stiff, but I had to talk. That was part of the job. Rickey became my mentor.

We'd go to a banquet and Rickey would tell me to get up and tell them what a great ball team the Cardinals had, even though they had a lousy team. After that I was to talk about myself. I was to compare Dizzy Dean to Mathewson and Johnson and Young and Alexander and not spare them. I also was to say that my younger brother, Paul, would be the best pitcher in baseball, next to me, and that with us the Cardinals couldn't miss winning a pennant.

These speeches I made, although sometimes I thought they'd choke me. But I always remembered that I had to do it because out of it I was building my security and my future; that my reward would come rolling back in golden coins. What about those golden coins, those annuities? That, dear, kind readers, is a story to be told subsequently.

THE END

Just ONE of the FAMILY

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

"HOW about having Leta out this week-end?" Andy suggested.

Instantly Suzanne began scrabbling about in her mind to find some good reason for not having Andy's sister-in-law out this week-end. Fortunately, there was an excellent one at hand. Suzanne had promised a month ago to give the maid all this particular Sunday off. She reminded Andy of the promise.

"A week-end guest is too hard, with the baby and everything," she said. Adding quickly, "Even with anybody as sweet as Leta."

Andy agreed at once. He had completely forgotten about the maid.

Well, that was that. It had been settled easily enough for the moment. But only for the moment, Suzanne knew. Next week, or the next, Andy would again suggest inviting Leta. And Suzanne would have to have her. She would have Leta there every week-end in the year rather than let Andy suspect that she was jealous of her. There was no reason for her to be jealous of Leta—Andy was a very different husband from the kind that Don had been.

It was this wholehearted devotion of Andrew's that had given Suzanne courage to make a second marriage. Her first one, ending in disaster and Reno before she was quite twenty-four, had left her sore in spirit. Don, handsome, charming, fickle as the weather, simply hadn't been the stuff of which husbands are made.

Andrew was everything that Don hadn't been. He had fallen in love with Suzanne the first time he saw her. They were married less than a year after Suzanne's divorce.

Leta was Andy's sister-in-law, his brother Austin's widow. The brother had been killed two years before, in a motor accident, most tragically. But there was nothing tragic about Leta. Leta was well provided for financially. And in every other way Leta was quite capable of providing for herself.

"I suppose we might ask her out next week," Suzanne suggested.

"Fine!" Andy said enthusiastically.

Well, next week-end was still a week away and Suzanne resolutely put it out of her mind. She eagerly welcomed the day and a half alone with Andy and the baby. Andy's love for her, always like a bright warm coat, seemed warmest and brightest then. Wrapped in its sweetness, Suzanne would feel completely happy, carefree, safe from the ghost that her other marriage, now so legally dead, had left behind it, to haunt Suzanne's house of life. A secret, shamed distrust of love.

She could not doubt that Andrew loved her now. But Don had loved her once, too, in his way.

There would be nothing to set the ghost to prowling this week-end. The club was having its first Saturday dance of the fall. Suzanne had asked Andy if he wanted to go; had said that she could get Maisie, a dependable local girl, to stay with the baby. But Andrew had said cheerfully that if she didn't mind he'd rather not go to the dance. Let's not plan to do a darn thing with anybody, Andy had said.

So Suzanne drove down to meet the commuters' train Saturday noon with sandwiches and a thermos of coffee; tiny Suzanne slept peacefully in her basket swung across the back of the car. She'd pick up Andy and they'd drive farther out in the country for lunch.

Suzanne saw Andy getting out of the farthest car. He was carrying a suitcase. He turned to help somebody down the train steps. At first Suzanne stared in puzzlement—then in incredulous recognition. It was Leta.

Leta and Andy came along the platform together, Leta smart as always in wheat-colored tweed.

"Suzy, my sweet!" Leta kissed Suzanne. "Darling, I'm simply barging in on you. Invited myself. My week-end date collapsed under me. You don't mind my coming?"

"Why, of course not," Suzanne said, hoping her voice didn't sound as hollow to Leta as it did to herself. "I'm delighted."

"I told you she wouldn't mind," Leta said triumphantly. "Andy muttered some stodgy domestic details, but I told him I was family and wouldn't mind a bit if I had to sleep on the ironing board."

"We'll drive by the house," Suzanne said. "We're taking our lunch out in the woods, and I'll have to make a few more sandwiches."

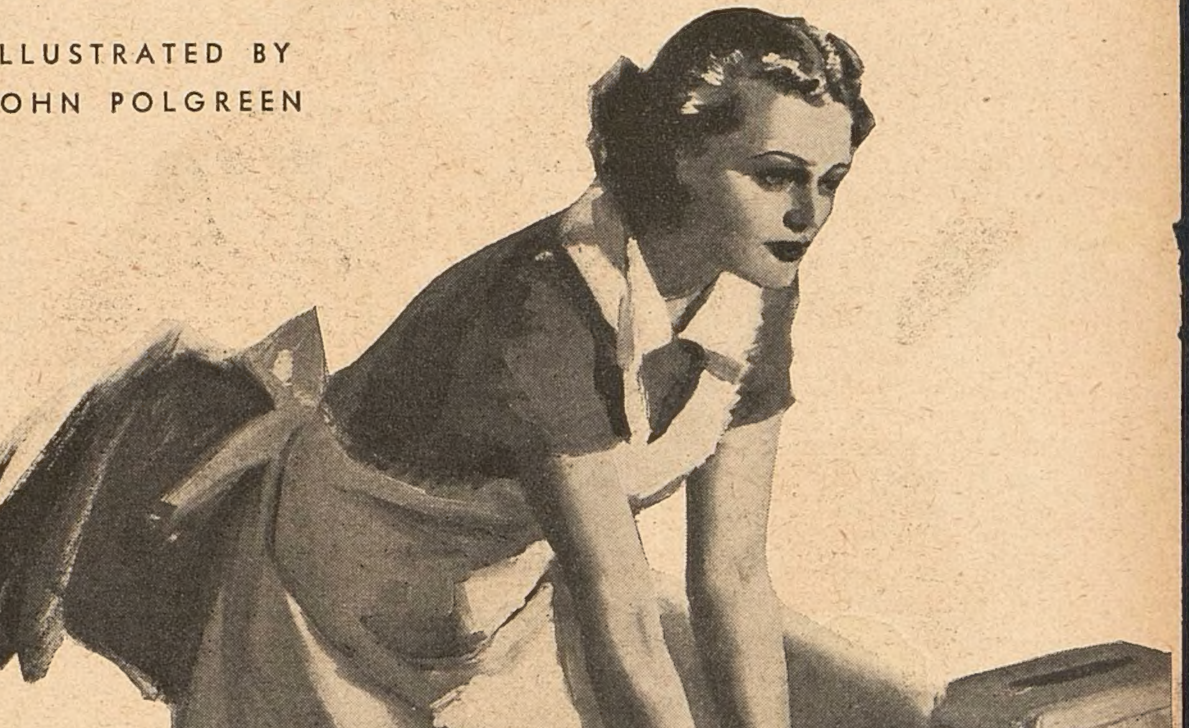
"Oh, marvelous! I adore picnics. Who all are going?"

"It isn't a party," Suzanne said apologetically. "Just us."

"It'll be good fun," Leta agreed, but her tone had lost its enthusiasm.

"I honestly couldn't think how to get out of bringing

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREEN



When beauty threatens and fear is in one's

By Fannie Kilbourne

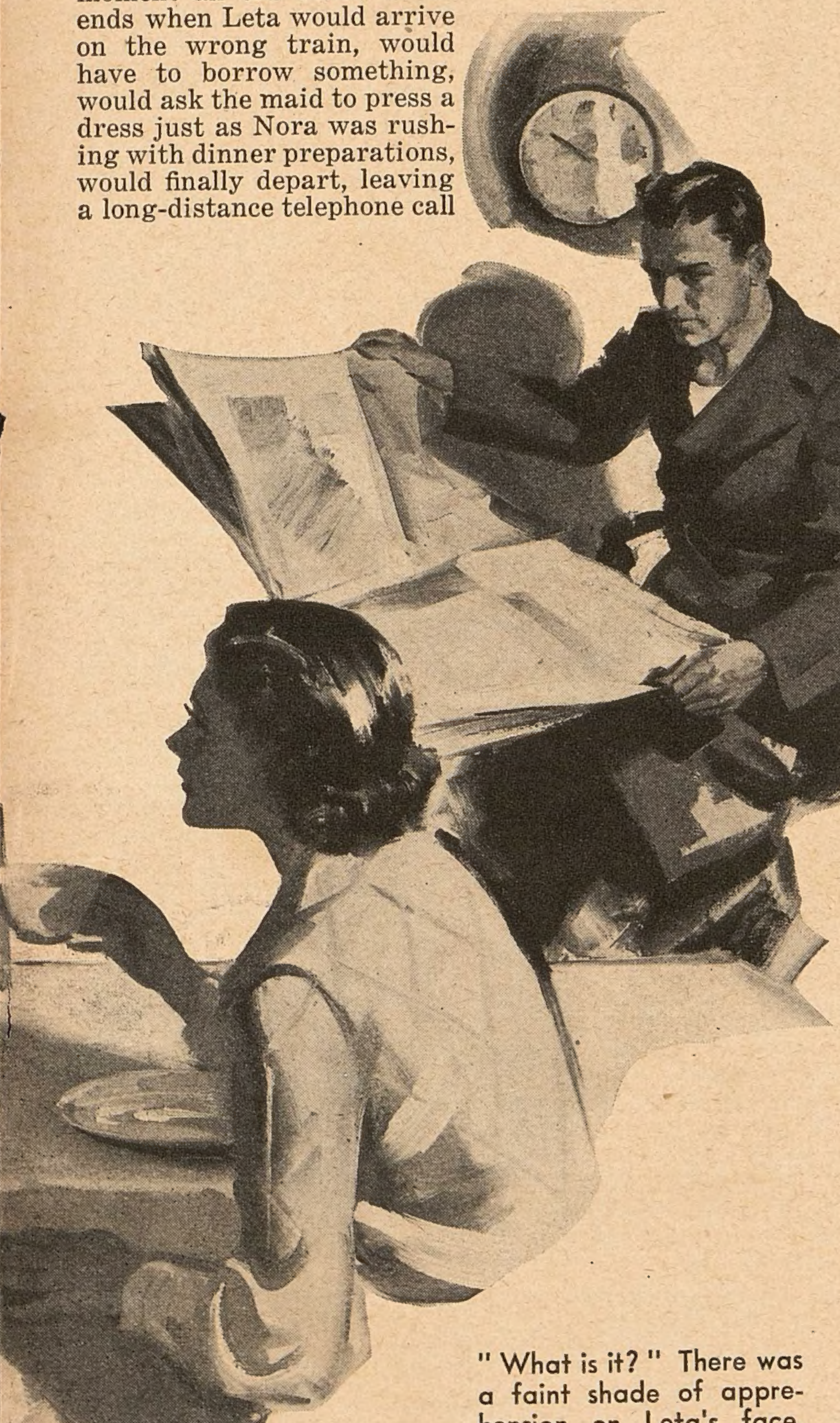
her," Andy apologized to Suzanne, as she hastily made extra sandwiches in the kitchen while Leta changed her gossamer stockings for a sturdier borrowed pair. "I didn't want to be downright rude."

"Of course you couldn't help it, darling." Suzanne managed an amused and indulgent tone.

"She's a spoiled brat," Andy observed. "But then, you're the only pretty girl I ever knew who wasn't."

"Oh, I was never quite pretty enough to get away with it," Suzanne laughed, instantly feeling better.

For the first few minutes Leta set herself out to charm Suzanne. Like many selfish people, Leta had plenty of charm when she chose to exert it. Suzanne found herself responding now in spite of herself, forgetting for the moment all the other week-ends when Leta would arrive on the wrong train, would have to borrow something, would ask the maid to press a dress just as Nora was rushing with dinner preparations, would finally depart, leaving a long-distance telephone call to be paid for out of the Murrays' none too elastic allowance.



"What is it?" There was a faint shade of apprehension on Leta's face.

"I suppose we'll have to go to the dance," Suzanne said, when she had a moment alone with Andy. "I can probably get Maisie to stay with the baby."

"Oh, sure, we'd better go," Andy agreed. He had evidently forgotten all about having been tired.

And then, at the last minute, the hitherto faithful Maisie telephoned that she couldn't come.

"You go ahead and take Leta to the dance," Suzanne said to Andy. "I really don't care anything about going."

"I'm not going off and leave you here alone," Andy protested.

"Go ahead, Andy. You know Leta isn't the kind who'd just love to slip out of a party dress and sit down and play three-handed bridge for the evening."

"Well, perhaps it would be the easiest way," Andy agreed—"if you really don't mind."

He paused a moment.

"Maybe," he said, "I can find some one at the club to wish her on. If I can, I'll be back early."

He won't wish Leta on somebody else and come home early, Suzanne thought grimly. No man would. Leta, grateful to Andy for saving her from a dull domestic evening, would set out to charm and flatter him, Suzanne knew.

She must stop this kind of thinking, Suzanne told herself sternly. She got ready for bed, finally succeeded in reading herself drowsy. She didn't even hear Andy when he came in.

She slipped out of bed the next morning and dressed without waking him. Yesterday's golden sunshine had gone. It was a gray morning; rain trickled softly down the windowpanes. Suzanne bathed and fed the baby. Then she went downstairs.

In the doorway to her pretty kitchen, Suzanne stopped short. There had obviously been an after-the-party supper. Empty bottles stood about, and cloudy glasses. There were eggshells in the sink, cigarette stubs everywhere, a long burn in the ivory enamel of one windowsill. The refrigerator door had been left open.

It was outrageous, Suzanne thought. As she began to repair the ravages, her anger shaded darkly into uneasiness and fear. She thought about the impromptu party that had gone on in her own house without her. Andy must have forgotten all about being tired. Had he even missed her?

I hate people who feel sorry for themselves, Suzanne thought.

But she couldn't help it. She felt plain and stodgy and left out. A dull domestic little nonentity, convenient to leave at home with the baby, useful next morning to be up and about early, having everything in pleasant order, breakfast ready for the sleepy merrymakers. Oh, she knew she was being a bit overdramatic about it. But it was a terrible destiny, that of a woman never sure of her husband's love. It made no real difference whether you went and were miserable or stayed home and were neglected. Suzanne thought of Leta dancing with Andy last night, afterward here in the kitchen playing hostess to his host. This sort of thing wouldn't end with tonight—it would go on and on.

And there was nothing Suzanne could do about it. She couldn't even show that she resented it, because then Andy might suspect that she was jealous. She felt utterly helpless, trapped. A tear ran down the side of her nose.

The telephone rang, and Suzanne answered it, automatically closing the hall door so that her talking shouldn't disturb the sleepers. It was Phyllis Seeley inviting Suzanne for luncheon and bridge on Friday.

eart, what's a wife to do? . . . The sparkling story of a woman who used her wits

Suzanne made a hasty excuse. Stakes were always high at those luncheons. Besides, Suzanne didn't like Mrs. Seeley. She was one of those jealous wives who go to dances and watch their husbands. Suzanne might have had a fellow feeling for her if Mrs. Seeley hadn't also been such a cat.

“ We missed you at the dance last night,” she purred now. Suzanne explained that she had stayed at home with the baby.

“ Yes, so your sister-in-law said.” There was a brief silence over the wire. Then, “ She's very pretty, isn't she? ”

“ Oh, Leta's more than pretty,” Suzanne said heartily. “ She's a real beauty.”

“ She is a beauty,” Phyllis admitted now. “ But don't let her pretty face fool you, Suzanne. That girl is a cat. Why, you ought to have heard her talking about you and Andy last night.”

“ What scandalous tales did she tell about us? ” Suzanne asked, her voice carefully that of light amused interest.

FANNIE KILBOURNE

is well known for her fiction, which has appeared in most of the leading magazines. So popular were her stories of young Dot and Will Horton that they were made into a radio serial. Miss Kilbourne was born in Minnesota but has lived for the past twenty years in New York and in Europe.

“ Oh, nothing as flattering as scandal. She says you're a busy little homebody.”

“ Perhaps she meant that for a compliment,” Suzanne said.

Mrs. Seeley quite properly ignored this feeble rally. “ It was too funny,” she went on. “ Tom Hughes—he's staying with us this week-end, you know—thought she was Andy's wife, she being Mrs. Murray too. When she found out what he thought, she just laughed as though the idea of her ever having been married to a man like Andy was just too—well, you know! She said her husband had been an entirely different type. Very brilliant and successful. Oh, not that Andy wasn't a perfect dear, of course. Such a kind, faithful, hard-working little man. Those were her very words.”

“ That's surely no insult, either,” Suzanne said.

“ Well, for my part, I'd much rather be insulted than patronized,” said Mrs. Seeley.

“ Andy and I are very fond of her,” Suzanne said in a firm voice.

“ No doubt Andy is.” Mrs. Seeley's laugh was sharp and unpleasant. “ A girl as pretty as that can always pull the wool over men's eyes.”

Suzanne went on saying the correct thing, and saying it so pleasantly that Mrs. Seeley finally gave up and hung up the telephone.

Suzanne went back to the kitchen more furious than ever at Leta. It was her description of Andy that rankled most. A kind, faithful, hard-working little man! Andy wasn't little; he was five feet ten and a half—a very good height for a man. It was true that Leta's husband had been the more brilliant brother, but he had died before the slow testing of time could show whether or not he was also sound. Leta, intent as always upon appearing in the most flattering possible light, had merely hit upon this description of Andy as offering the most effective background for herself.

But what a weapon she had given to Suzanne! “ A kind, faithful, hard-working little man.” No man would like it. Andy would pretend to be just amused, would laugh at her own indignation. But it would trouble him. Suzanne knew this with the certainty with which a wife always knows the secret chinks in her husband's armor. Suzanne went back to the kitchen, excitedly thinking of the ways in which she could use Leta's phrase to make Andy come to hate Leta.

Fear makes everybody ignoble. And this week-end had set Suzanne's ghost to walking. Underneath her excitement, her anger, her feeling of guilt—underneath them all and more powerful than any of them—Suzanne was afraid.

“ Good morning, Merry Sunshine.”

Andy, in bathrobe and slippers, was grinning in the doorway.

“ How about a spot of coffee? ” he asked, coming out to perch on a stool in the now tidy kitchen. “ Have you had yours yet? ”

“ No; I thought I'd clean up the mess first. It seemed a little more appetizing.”

“ Did Leta bring a gang home? ” Andy asked. “ I must have been dead to the world. I didn't hear a sound of the revelry by night.”

“ Oh, weren't you—didn't you—did you leave Leta and come home early? ” Suzanne faltered.

“ In good season, thank God. We were absorbed into the Seeley party and that chap Hughes we met yesterday on the bridle path was only too glad to bring Leta home. So I beat it early. None too soon, either. In another ten minutes I'd have been walking in my sleep.”

“ Why, Andrew Murray, what a confession! To get sleepy dancing with a beauty like Leta.” Relief fairly sang in Suzanne's voice.

“ Oh, I didn't have a chance to dance much with Leta,” Andy said. “ She was busy having herself a rush. Which was all to the good for me. I was too tired last night to enjoy a dance.”

He yawned luxuriously.

“ I'm glad you haven't had your breakfast either,” he said. “ This is cozy.”

It was cozy. The water began to bubble up in the glass ball of the coffee machine, its fragrance mingled with the homey smell of fresh toast. The little kitchen was bright and full of cheer. Warm with relief.

Suzanne looked at Andy across the table, in his old brown bathrobe, his hair rumpled, drinking his coffee and teasing the kitten with a bit of string. Feeling her eyes on him, he looked up from the kitten and smiled. And suddenly Suzanne knew that she could not use her petty, cruel weapon. Not now or ever. Not if it would save her from Leta and from all the Letas who might sometime come after her. Not if she could buy her own everlasting safety with it. Andy trusted her. She couldn't harm him. Oh, she could be angry at him, honestly and openly, if need be. But never this secret harming for secret purposes of her own. She couldn't do it. She couldn't!

There was a queer sudden sense of relief about the decision. As though she had had a narrow escape. An escape not exactly from hurting Andy. Rather, she felt aware of something in herself, something that she had come perilously near to losing. The warm bright kitchen seemed cozier, more secure.

“ Some more toast, darling? A little marmalade? ”

She wanted to give Andy something, anything. He was so dear. He deserved something so much better than just not to be harmed. Suzanne felt as though she had never fully sensed his dearness before. There was a soft warm feeling around her heart, and as they sat there, prosaically eating breakfast in the kitchen, it seemed to spread all over her, like the warm glow of a fire. She wanted to share it with Andy—to give it to him, too, this warm, bright magic.

She didn't even recognize it as love. She had thought of love as the wild, flattered excitement she had once felt about Don, or her frightened clinging to Andy for the safety and comfort of his love for her. This feeling wasn't wild, yet neither had it anything to do with safety. It gave no impulse to cling; she felt strong in herself, free as a bird, flying through sunshine.

The white kitten had been trying to climb up the cord of Andy's bathrobe, and Andy tucked up the cord safely in his lap. The kitten went round and round in circles, looking for it.

“ That fool cat is as beautiful and dumb as Leta,” Andy observed amusedly.

“ Oh, do you really think Leta is dumb? ” Suzanne asked.

“ Sure,” said Andy carelessly. “ She's hardly got brains enough to keep her ears apart. She's as cute as Puffball, here, now while she's young, but just wait till her looks begin to go. Some poor fellow's going to be left holding the bag.”

At this moment Leta herself trailed into the kitchen, her pretty face still dewy with sleep, a quilted satin robe, pink as candy, held around her slim waist.

"Suzy, my sweet! I kept smelling coffee and it finally got me up in spite of myself."

There was a faint reproach in her sweet husky voice. Suzanne, knowing this, had always before played the perfect hostess, either sending Nora up with a tray or taking it up herself.

"Sit right here, Leta." Andy gave her his chair and went out to the front door, coming back with the rain-sodden Sunday paper, perching himself on a stool and spreading the sporting section out on the dish-drain shelf.

"Tom Hughes—you know, the man we met yesterday afternoon—is driving me into town in time for dinner tonight," Leta said idly, watching Suzanne slip bread into the toaster.

"That's lucky for you," Suzanne commented, "because the ham you used for sandwiches last night was to have been our dinner today."

"Oh, Suzy sweet, I never thought of that! I'm simply desolate." But a moment later Leta was going on about Tom Hughes.

"He's moving out here to the Inn this week. He thinks this is going to be an open winter and that there'll be golf right up to the first of the year. He wants me to play with him week-ends."

Suzanne knew what that meant. Leta would now be wanting to come out every week-end. Suzanne's mind began to work, fast.

AFTER a few minutes, Leta, sensitive enough to others' reactions when her own interests were involved, was obviously made slightly uneasy by the silence.

"I'm afraid we left the kitchen in a mess," she said. "I completely forgot that Nora wouldn't be back this morning."

"It's much better that Nora wasn't back," Suzanne said. "A busy maid doesn't take kindly to messes." Her tone was perfectly good-natured, a bit humorous.

"I'm so sorry. And you've cleaned it up all by yourself?"

"Yes," Suzanne said, still in the pleasantly humorous tone. "I'm a busy little homebody. I do love a tidy kitchen."

Leta shot her a startled glance.

"I'm just terribly sorry, Suzy sweet. I'm a low wretch not to have thought. Don't be angry at me."

"I'm not angry at all," Suzanne said. And quite truly too. We are seldom very angry about the things with which we feel we are going to cope. "I love to feel that a guest is having a good time. I'm only sorry that, being kept so busy with the baby and everything, I can't have guests nearly as often as I'd like." A little pause. "In fact, I'm afraid I shan't be able to invite any week-end guests at all this winter."

Andy looked up from his paper in surprise.

Leta was obviously startled. Suzanne glanced at her with carefully concealed amusement. She was as transparent as a pretty piece of glass. It was like looking at one of those anthills made in a windowed box. Suzanne could fairly see her selfish little thoughts scurrying about. Tom Hughes was wealthy and a young widower. Of course she could come out and stay at the Inn week-ends, Leta was probably thinking. But that would look a little too deliberate, too obvious. It would be better to be staying with in-laws.

"Well, it's lucky for me that I'm one of the family," she said lightly. "You know, darling, I never mind if I have to—"

"Oh, I never ask even near relatives to sleep on the ironing board," Suzanne interrupted laughingly. But then her voice became serious. "I am going to take advantage of your being in the family, though, Leta, by asking a very familyish sort of favor."

"Anything in the world, my sweet, of course," said Leta.

"It's the sort of thing I'd scarcely ask any one but my own sister to do for me," Suzanne said.

"What is it?" There was an ever so faint shade of apprehension on Leta's face. Behind her back, Andy was listening intently.

"Why, you see, Nora's favorite brother from Ireland is in this country for a few months, on a job. Of course he has only Saturday afternoons and Sundays off, so I feel I must give Nora her time off as much as possible over week-ends."

"Oh, Suzy sweet, think nothing of it! Why, I'm just one of the family. You don't need to worry about having a maid on my account."

"Well, you see"—Suzanne avoided her husband's eyes—"I was thinking. Week-ends are the only time Andy and I ever have to get away for a little break, and I wondered—being one of the family as you are—if you'd be an angel and come out an occasional week-end this fall and stay with the baby."

"*Stay with the baby!*" Leta looked aghast. "Oh, Suzy sweet, of course I'd adore it, but I'd never dare take such a responsibility. Why, I don't know a thing on earth about babies."

"Oh, you don't need to," Suzanne assured her. "Suzanne's not a tiny baby any more. She doesn't need anything expert in the way of care. It's rather a tiresome job but perfectly simple—just getting her outdoors and in, changing her, straining vegetables, washing didies. Nothing tricky at all—any high-school girl can do it. I'll leave you a long list of detailed instructions. You'll find it perfectly simple. And I'll be eternally grateful to you!"

For a full minute Leta did not say a word. Then:

"Why, of course, Suzy sweet, I'd love to help you out any way I can, but—" Her polite protests were scanty cover for her scare, like a lace spread dragged hastily over an unmade bed.

"You see, I'm hopelessly tied up for the next three or four week-ends—dates that I've had for aeons and aeons, you know, that I couldn't possibly get out of. And after that, why—"

"Oh, that's quite all right," Suzanne assured her heartily. "Any time at all. We can get away on short notice if necessary. Just give us a ring the first free week-end you have this fall or winter. We'll be everlastingly grateful."

Suzanne couldn't avoid Andy's eyes any longer. He was watching her intently over the top of his sporting page. And as their eyes met above Leta's pink satin shoulder, he winked.

Suzanne dived into the pantry to keep from laughing aloud. Laughing with relief, amusement, and a dazzling new sense of freedom. Why on earth hadn't she coped with this silly problem months ago?

BEHIND her in the kitchen was heavy silence, broken only by the crackle of Andy's paper. . . . Even Leta's silence seemed funny. Suzanne leaned against the pantry shelf and, smothering her mirth in her handkerchief, giggled helplessly. With sheer amusement and a clear conscience. As one laughs in a house that has no ghosts in it.

Oh, not that there mightn't be other Letas in the future, possibly even more dangerous Letas. Or perils of some completely different, some utterly unforeseen kind. Well, if there were, she'd take the unforeseen good things and make the most of them when they came. You can't have safety in life. Only love and courage.

Suzanne looked up at the pantry shelves speculatively. Maybe Andy would like another couple or two in for impromptu supper tonight. She might ask the Bentons—Andy liked Doris Benton. She'd make corn muffins—Andy liked corn muffins. Darling Andy!

A jar of ripe olives, overlooked by last night's pirates, reminded her suddenly of her first husband. Don had always insisted on ripe olives. She had never loved Don, Suzanne thought fleetingly. Oh, she had been "in love" with him at the beginning, but that hadn't lasted, and nothing had come to take its place. She hadn't loved Andy at first, either. But she did now. Nobody, nothing could take it from her. Not even Andy himself.

She had found that her security lay in her own heart, not in Andy's. Darling Andy!

Little sausages or creamed chicken on toast?

Suzanne sang happily as she planned for supper. In a world of scared and clutching takers, it is the givers who can sing.

THE END

READING TIME

7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Can You Take a Joke? JACK BENNY Can and Gets Rich!

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ONE evening in the spring of 1932 a prematurely gray, big-eyed, thin-haired young man, born Benny Kubelsky, walked up to a microphone in New York City and said:

"This is Jack Benny." And then he added: "There will be a few seconds' pause while you people out there are saying, 'What of it?'"

This self-deprecatory introduction, so different from the solemncholy, stuffed-shirt outgivings of that day, made radio history—and Benny history. Within two years he was voted the biggest attraction on the air. Today, after six years, his sponsors pay him $10,000 a week, *plus* $15,000 a week for radio time and supporting talent.

We have become so accustomed to Jack's finding himself on the receiving end of every radio gag that the procedure now seems altogether natural to us—but it was not natural to any comedian on the air before he instituted the practice. The sympathy of the listener used to be with the put-upon stooge, not with the comedian. Benny reverses that by taking the crack himself.

I remember, one Sunday night last spring, he was announcing that the Benny Cut-Rate Theater Guild was about to present *its* version of A Yank at Oxford, when Mary Livingstone, his favorite wife and severest critic, broke in with, "Oh, boy, Robert Taylor was in that!"

Benny remarked that, naturally, *he* would play the part of Taylor.

"Why?" asked Phil Harris, Benny's orchestra leader.

"Why? Because Bob and I are very much alike. He's about as tall as I am, and we buy our handkerchiefs in the same drugstore. And we even like the same girl—Barbara Stanwyck."

"Only, he goes out with her," said Phil.

"Is that so? I could get a date with Barbara Stanwyck too, couldn't I, Mary?"

Mary giggled. "You couldn't get a date with Barbara Frietchie!"

Other radio comedians have tried to imitate Benny's self-deprecatory style, without success. The difficulty in most cases was that they *were* trying. With Benny it is natural to give all the breaks to the people who work with him and to take all the kicks. For, beneath a brash exterior, Jack Benny is that rare being, a modest actor.

Of course there is conscious artistry in what he does, but the personality he puts over is simply the one with which he was born.

He was good on the stage, or he wouldn't have gone from small-time vaudeville into a top spot at the Palace. He was a washout on the air so long as he did what so-called radio experts told him to do. He wasn't great until he was himself.

Before the microphone, Jack has that sweetness and charm which come only from good breeding, whether it be Waukegan or Mayfair. He is suave, affable, and relaxed; nonchalant, but not bored; sophisticated, but not hard-boiled; restrained, but not cold.

Puns are not in his line. Neither are wisecracks. Of course he occasionally gets off a good one, as when some one asked him what he would do if he were in Heywood Broun's shoes, and he replied, "I'd shine 'em." He wasn't so bad, either, when he referred to the erudite and rotund Alexander Woollcott as "a dictionary in need of a diet." But his chief assets are his voice, his sincerity, his enthusiasm, and, above all, his inspired willingness to get on the wrong end of a joke and take it.

His jests about his own motion-picture career are laughable in themselves, but they are much more effective when it is known—as it is by now to nine tenths of the Benny audience—that their hero's real ambition is to be a Clark Gable or a Robert Taylor on the screen. Kenny Baker, the so-called "timid tenor," never allows anybody to forget that this is an ambition which has so far *not* been realized; and neither does the irrepressible Mary.

A lively look at radio's meek man who always gets the worst of it. A tough life—at $10,000 a week!

"What are you going to sing, Kenny?" Jack asks.

"Good Night, Angel, from Radio City Revels."

". . . Say, Kenny, you're in that picture, aren't you?"

"I don't know; I haven't seen it yet."

"Can you imagine that, Mary? He can't even remember what pictures he made."

"Don't you wish you could forget some of yours?" quips Mary.

The patience of the man under some of his wife's barbs is enough to bring tears to the average husband. Mary always has the last line. For Jack is clever enough to know that every wife listening out there has a secret joy in hearing his wife—this *real* wife, mind you—put one over on her husband.

And why should he worry, if it gives the customers a laugh?

The star's refusal to take himself seriously extends even to his employers. He was one of the first comedians to kid his sponsor; the very first, if my radio memory is correct, to kid his own program.

He was certainly the first to make a stooge out of his orchestra leader. He began with George Olsen, back in 1932; and he kept it up with Ted Weems, Frank Black, Don Bestor, Johnny Green, Abe Lyman, and Phil Harris.

He started letting his singers make a fool of him when Ethel Shutta, Olsen's wife, was on the program, and he has continued the policy with Jimmy Melton, Frank Parker, and Kenny Baker. Even stately Don Wilson, the commercial announcer, doesn't escape. And Harry Baldwin, the man who tried to wish Jack a Happy New

Benny started a new radio style by getting on the wrong end of a joke, and taking it.

Year every Sunday night through January, February, and March, is his secretary.

And behind all this fooling with his cast there is method. Jack might bring in trained actors who would speak their lines better than these orchestra leaders and singers; but they would be trained actors, that's all. These people's barbs are sharper because they are real persons with a definite relation to Benny himself.

In short, out of his wife and his singer and his announcer and his bandmaster and his secretary Jack Benny creates a modified amateur hour—of amateurs whom we know and like.

The two professional accomplices he does employ, Andy Three Tonsils Devine and Hello Stranger Schlepperman Hearn, enter so wholeheartedly into the business of riding their boss that the family effect is heightened by their expert work.

In his hilarious burlesques of current pictures and plays Benny has a fine chance to put himself over as a real person engaged in a real struggle, in which you know from the beginning he is doomed to defeat. When the pay-off line comes, our hearts go out to him, even while we are holding our sides with laughter.

This is even more true of those ideas which run for weeks through his programs, such as his heartbreaking efforts to convince a skeptical world—and an even more skeptical Fred Allen—that he is a violin virtuoso. His early attempts to play Love in Bloom and his more recent stinging by The Bee have brought thousands of letters of sympathy.

"A brave gesture!" one woman wrote. "Poor Mr. Benny!"

The best thing about Benny's work is that there seems to be no diminution in his ability to make us laugh and—well, if not cry, at least sympathize. His Tom Sawyer skits of last spring seem quite the equal of his very early Grind Hotel and The Bennys of Wimpole Street, or those two prize winners, the burlesques of Ah, Wilderness! and The Emperor Jones, which was voted the most popular of all his acts. In fact, we are more than usually sympathetic with him in his frustrated attempts to palm himself off as the prankish and put-upon Tom.

"Gosh, Mary," he enthuses, "can't you just picture me as Tom Sawyer, that lovable, freckle-faced, barefoot little boy?"

"Yes," agrees Mary, "if George Arliss is Huckleberry Finn."

Whereupon Jack finds himself diverted from his sentimentalizing by a discussion of how silly the dignified Mr. Arliss would look running around in his bare feet.

But it isn't long before he comes back once again to the charge:

"No kidding, I love to play this part because, well, when I was a kid I was just like Tom Sawyer. I used to play hookey from school and go swimmin' in the old swimmin' hole.

"Ah, those were the days!"

This time it looks as if he were going to get away with it. That voice, which some one has described as "the dry cackle of sunburned leaves," has acquired a nostalgic sweetness which we just can't resist.

Then his fate—the fate of having to earn $10,000 a week—once more catches up with him.

"I was a real Tom Sawyer," he continues. "I had rosy cheeks, big blue eyes, and long curls way down to my shoulders."

"You weren't Tom Sawyer," chirps Mary. "You were Shirley Temple!"

Poor Mr. Benny!

THE END

Wives always love Mary Livingstone to have the last word—so Jack gives it to Mary.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HOW TO CLEAN HOUSE IN THE

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

WHY not offer us something constructive?" asked a medical friend. "Doctors Don't Tell was true, I'll admit, but offered no definite remedy for our problems."

Two situations, apparently, have resulted from my story in Liberty.

First: Now that the trail has been blazed, other publishers, sensing a popular theme and need, have taken up the cudgels against medicine. Second: A demand is being made for remedies to correct the evils as set forth in Liberty.

Touring the United States at the time Doctors Don't Tell was running serially, I had an excellent chance to gauge public opinion, as well as medical opinion. I talked to physicians, lawyers, dentists, ministers, business men, legislators, newspapermen, and John X. Layman. These thoughts were presented:

That something is decidedly wrong with medicine, is the average lay opinion.

That the examination plan for physicians every five years would help considerably. All agreed to this idea, including many honest and efficient physicians. The physicians with questionable reputations were hotly opposed to it.

That much medical specializing is an evil, a racket, or too expensive—generally the nonprofessional opinion.

That consultations are bunk. This was agreed to by layman and professionals.

That fee-splitting is a curse. All agreed except a few physicians who acknowledged to splitting fees.

That more autopsies would help check up the careless diagnostician was agreed to by most physicians.

That a medical student's education at present is too crowded with unessential subjects.

That the public has no way of knowing who are the responsible, capable, honest, and painstaking physicians in its community. In the last opinion, all concurred.

To correct these evils, the following constructive program is offered:

1. The five-year-examination plan for all physicans.
2. The National Medical Proctor and Rating Bureau.
3. A changed curriculum for medical students.
4. No *secret* consultations.
5. Autopsy in questionable cases—the findings recorded in simple English.

Let us look into the five-year examination plan.

We have little or no check on the conduct or activity of physicians—who deal with the most precious thing of all—our lives. Even where Bureaus of Vital Statistics tabulate operative death ratios, we are not usually careful enough to inquire into the record of our surgeons. Yet cold inquiry brings out the following type of cold facts.

Recently I talked with a prominent small-city surgeon. He has a large practice, does referred surgical work, splits fees, and, I understand, has been known to "manufacture" operations. He said:

"The fellow who wrote Doctors Don't Tell doesn't know what he's talking about."

"How is that?" I asked innocently.

"Why," replied this surgeon fiercely, "he tells of using ephedrine hydrochloride ten years ago, and the drug only came into use two years ago."

For liberals with common sense—Is this a plan that points a way to a new deal for the patient?

"I am afraid you are mistaken, doctor," I replied. "The Chinese have known ephedrine for thousands of years. I have used ephedrine since 1924 for relief from my yearly session with hay fever. Perhaps you haven't heard of it out here, but it has been a recognized drug for fifteen years or so."

This startling revelation of ignorance from a locally outstanding surgeon prompted me to look up this surgeon's operative death record at the County Bureau of Vital Statistics. Taking a year's average, I discovered that one out of every 6½ people he operated on, died. (Another surgeon in the same town, with a good record, showed only one death in 21½ operations.)

This, added to his admission that he had but two years' acquaintance with a drug centuries old, indicated that this surgeon was a very dangerous man. But—he is the type that an examination plan either would eliminate or improve. There are many like him throughout the country.

"But," exclaimed a lawyer friend, "people in an hour of grave sickness don't have the time, nor do they think of looking up a physician's record!"

Agreed. With an examination plan, however, each state would automatically take care of this, provided the type of examination as given today were changed.

The present licensing examinations given to graduate medical students in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and in many other states are easy to pass. They run to a type. A well-known publisher has compiled these examinations, with *the correct answers*, in book form. Students the country over study the questions and answers for their State Board examinations, learning them by rote.

A student may also take an examination given by the present National Board of Medical Examiners under United States Army supervision. This National Board examination is recognized in over thirty states as qualification for license and is conceded to be more difficult than State Board examinations.

Once the student passes either his or her state or national examination, there is no compelling force to keep a licensed physician up with the times. Yet each hour, each day, each year, since 1870, when the germ theory of disease gave birth to modern medicine, some knowledge has been added to Pasteur's original trend—the scientific. Diagnosis has become more important. It should be emphasized in all medical schools, but not as a part of medicine. Because of its importance, it needs special consideration.

Suppose, therefore, we compel our physicians to be examined every five years after being licensed, giving them both written and *practical* viva-voce quizzes in these subjects:

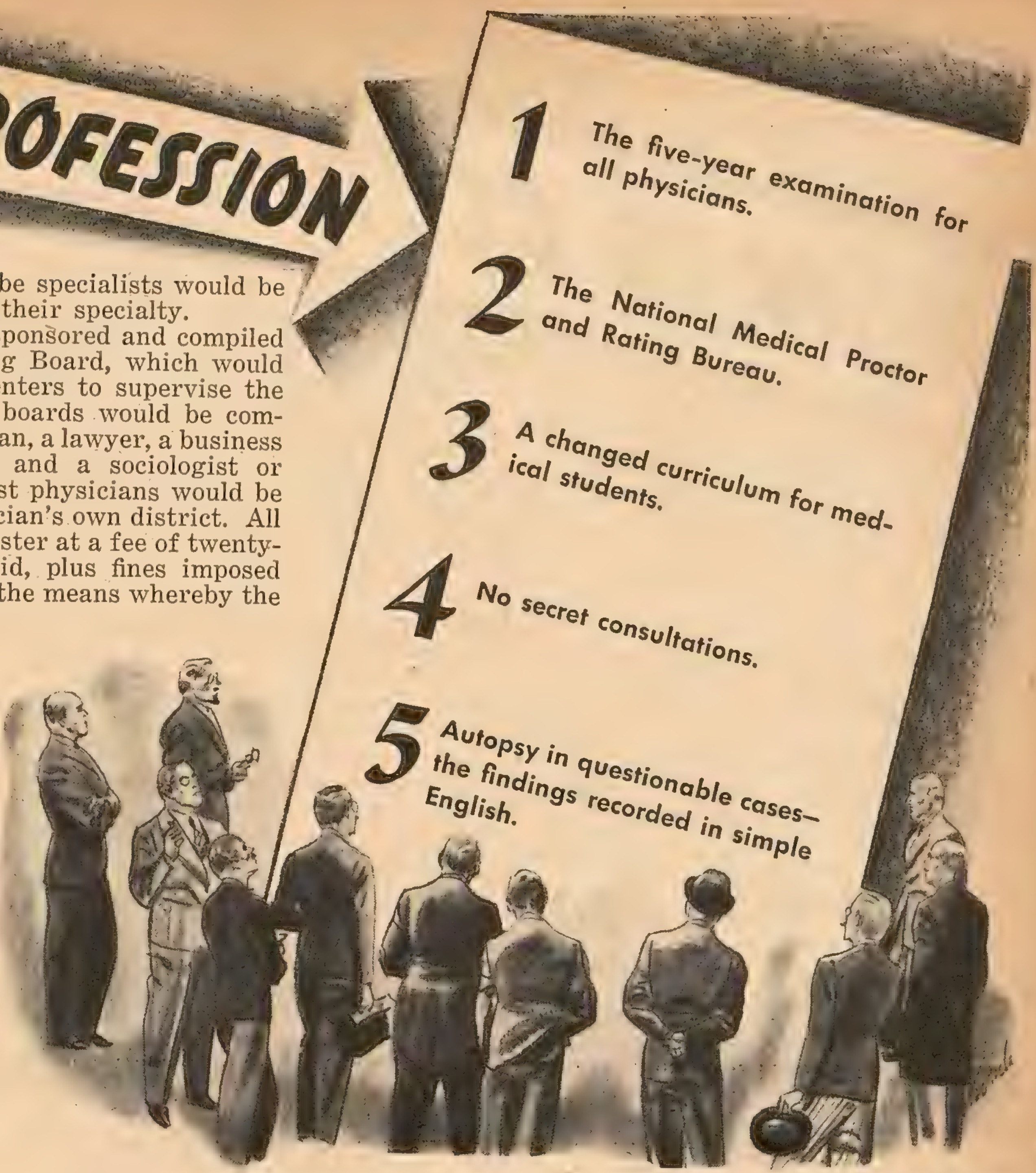
Medicine—With emphasis on *diagnosis* and treatment.

Surgery—Preoperative for *diagnosis*—the operative technique and postoperative treatment.

Obstetrics—Technique—preparation for confinement and post-partum care.

Therapeutics—Accepted and *new* treatments.

MEDICAL PROFESSION


1 The five-year examination for all physicians.
2 The National Medical Proctor and Rating Bureau.
3 A changed curriculum for medical students.
4 No secret consultations.
5 Autopsy in questionable cases—the findings recorded in simple English.

In addition, those claiming to be specialists would be quizzed on subjects pertinent to their specialty.

These examinations would be sponsored and compiled by a National Medical Proctoring Board, which would have regional boards in large centers to supervise the giving of them. These regional boards would be composed of a mixed group—a physician, a lawyer, a business man, preferably an accountant, and a sociologist or clergyman. All complaints against physicians would be referred to the board in the physician's own district. All doctors would be compelled to register at a fee of twenty-five dollars a year. The fees paid, plus fines imposed upon erring physicians, would be the means whereby the board would be self-sustaining. Every doctor registered with the local board would file copies of his death certificates and a report of his annual practice with the board.

Through the regional boards, the National Medical Proctors and State Medical Proctors would control the activities of all physicians. The board would:

1. Supervise the setting up and giving of all examinations.
2. Hear any complaint of malpractice, inefficiency, carelessness, stupidity, or immorality, and act with penalties upon infractions to an agreed code, the National Medical Proctors acting as a Court of Appeals.
3. Check and keep records compiled from death certificates and hospital records, to indicate the relative efficiency or inefficiency of physicians. In addition, have the power to revoke the license of any physician whose mortality rate, ability, or tactics were not up to the standards set by the National Medical Proctors. Three proven complaints a reasonable provocation for erasure of an offending physician.
4. Rather than the American Medical Association, issue a certificate of efficiency for our hospitals, and have the power to prohibit the functioning of any hospital unless it complies with standards set up by a medical committee functioning under the National Proctors.
5. Prevent, by action, any group of physicians from stating *who shall, or who shall not,* be permitted to use hospital facilities for cases, or the setting up of staffs in various services.
6. Set up the qualifications for education in our medical schools, co-operating with State Regents Boards.
7. Through revenue or endowment, set up scholarship funds for deserving students.
8. Control such practices as fee-splitting, with license revocation for infractions.
9. Control the size and function of "group medicine," tending always to discourage the ultra-commercial phase.
10. Set up a published standard of fees for operations and medical care, based on experience in compensation cases.
11. *Set up a rating bureau and give information to the public upon inquiry as to the medical or surgical worth of any physician.*

This rating bureau would solve the question, How get rid of the inefficient and unscrupulous doctor? The records and complaints sent to the Regional Proctor would determine the rating. A physician would be judged on his activities, his conduct, and his abilities.

In other words, a rating bureau would help the good doctor and eliminate the bad. It would end that phase of medical ethics relative to doctors not telling on one another. The public would tell. It would end the present secret method of consultation, where often an inefficient and mistaken physician is upheld in his wrong diagnosis by the consultee. It would bolster the public's confidence in doctors and destroy sharp practices in medicine.

The rating-bureau idea has great popular appeal. In Cleveland, Milwaukee, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and Minneapolis reports indicate that public-spirited citizens are giving serious thought to forming their own local medical censoring boards, to be called Citizens' Medical Proctoring Groups, and to give information to members regarding matters pertinent to health—hospitals, legislation, clinics, and fees.

Many of the reforms discussed at the recent American Medical Association meeting in San Francisco—to revise and amplify the medical code of ethics, to establish a central authority to speak on health matters, the advisability of making fee schedules fit patients' pocketbooks, etc.—were called for in the articles by Dr. Raymond recently published in Liberty.

Such Citizens' Groups could gather information as to the ability, habits, and integrity of physicians, and could investigate and prosecute bona fide cases of malpractice, fee-splitting, operation manufacturing, and poor diagnostic efforts. Any member could obtain the group's rating of any physician.

While these groups are at present discussionary, they do show the wide scope, the wide consideration and condemnation that are rampant in this country over poor medical service. If needed reforms are not forthcoming, they may get under way in earnest. Medicine itself should awaken to the need. The public is demanding a national censor for the practice of medicine.

THE END

PUFFY and the SPOTTED-DOG SITUATION

Wherein a maligned pooch makes good—A spirited story of fights and fires and courage in miniature

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

BY CARL M. CHAPIN

STEVE BANCROFT had been a fireman for ten years. He knew quite well that a Raynsburg firehouse was no place for a cocker spaniel. It was either a spotted Dalmatian or no mascot. It was from necessity, not ignorance, that he introduced the cream-colored waif into the conservative quarters of Chemical Six.

On his way to work one night, he found her in Roylston Street, cowering against a building, her coat matted with dirt and blood. She looked up at him with bewildered, sorrowing eyes and wriggled the almost invisible stump which serves cockers for a tail. The appeal was too much for his large heart. He gathered her up and took her with him to the engine house. The other five men of the chemical company, gathered on the apparatus floor for 6 P. M. platoon shift, stared in unbelief. Steve started toward the old stable room in the rear. Lieutenant Simpson, the company commander, called after him:

"Hey, Bancroft, you can't keep that mutt in this house."

The lieutenant, to his inconsolable grief, had been christened "Elmer." The company assumed that it was this which had soured his disposition. Steve said, "O. K.," and passed on to the stable. He made a bed from a bit of blanket and some overalls, and laid the little dog on it. She looked up and licked his hand a moment, then dropped her head wearily and closed her eyes.

From the doorway Lieutenant Simpson blustered, "You get that purp out of here in the morning, see? If we're going to have a dog we're going to have a dog—see? —not a cream puff."

Thus was she christened Cream Puff, with Puffy as a working title, and the battle in the quarters of Chemical Six—in the whole fire department, for that matter—was on. The lieutenant went off duty with his platoon, comprising Big Bill Heffernan and a rookie named Evans. Steve Bancroft took command of the house, by virtue of his rating as senior hoseman. He telephoned the S. P. C. A. and they sent a man down to look Puffy over. He dressed the wounds, which were not serious, and prescribed a milk diet for a day or two.

Steve spent a half week's pay on advertising and considered his duty done. By that time, moreover—as he had finally convinced Lieutenant Simpson—Puffy could have been taken from him only over his dead body. Nevertheless, he was forced to agree that Puffy was no kind of a he-man's dog. She fawned and groveled and cringed. No fire company could expect to hold its head up with a mascot like that.

The matter of her staying in the house had really been adjusted by Corbett, the chief of battalion. He dropped in, that morning, as the platoons were changing for the day.

The chief said to Puffy, "Hello, pup. Who's been chewing you up?" He squatted on his heels, rumpled her head for a moment, and then, very gently, ran expert fingers over her, marking the points. "You got a winner here," he commented. "Yours, Luff?" Simpson shook his head resentfully and gestured toward Steve. The latter told his story. Corbett glanced from one to the other and smiled faintly. "Make a good mascot if the owner don't claim her."

"We ain't looking for a cream puff," Simpson growled.

"Hum-m," the chief commented. "These cream puffs fool you sometimes, Elmer. Give you forty dollars for her, Steve. Been looking for a mascot up in Front Street, but I don't want a Dalmatian . . . don't like spotted dogs . . . coach dogs . . . used to be fashionable because they got along with horses, but they don't match these gas trucks."

So Puffy, of course, remained. But her only friends were Steve and Big Bill Heffernan—four hundred pounds of four-fisted friendship which was a great help but not sufficient to prevent Chemical Six from becoming known in the department as the Cream Puffs. Other firemen simpered inquiries as to the well-being of "itsy, bitsy, toodlums Puffy." After Bill Heffernan had knocked a ladder man cold for tendering him an arm upstairs at a tenement fire, there was more discretion about it, but it remained quite bad enough.

Among the occasional visitors to Chemical Six was Heine Peitz who, in spite of the name, was a lady hound. Most of Heine's time was spent in the role of scrap barrel underneath the trimming block of Emil Wolff's butcher shop. But now and then she dropped in to pass the time of day with the man on watch.

The hound disapproved Puffy on sight. The latter went wriggling up to make friends and, to emphasize the cordiality of her greeting, she rolled over on her back, a

He picked the champion up and tossed him into the crowd. Puffy sat on the ground, panting.

picture of abject terror. Heine uttered a guttural Teutonic snarl and bared her teeth. Puffy rolled back to her feet and departed for the stable at full speed.

"You gotta admit she ain't got much guts, Steve."

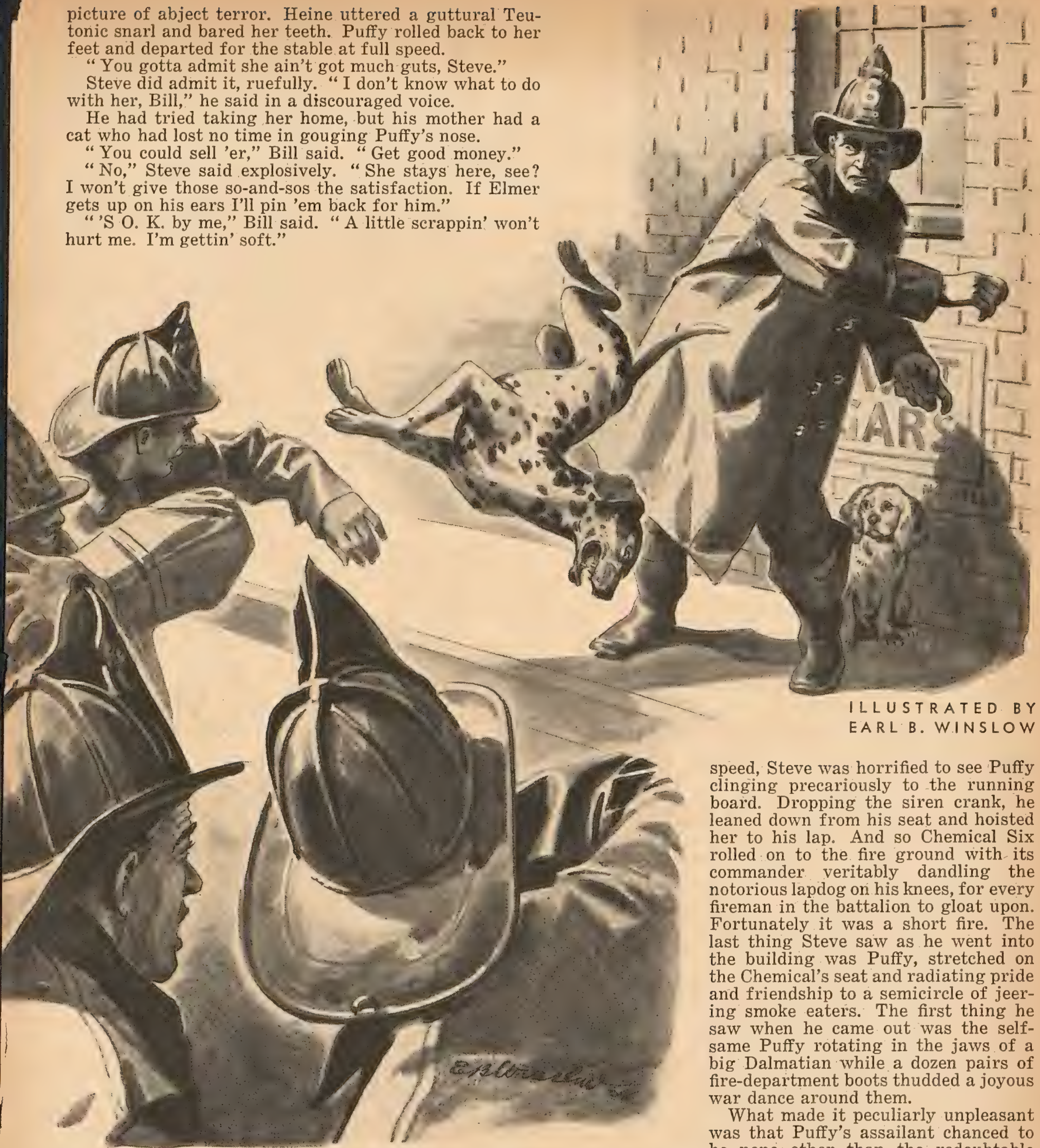
Steve did admit it, ruefully. "I don't know what to do with her, Bill," he said in a discouraged voice.

He had tried taking her home, but his mother had a cat who had lost no time in gouging Puffy's nose.

"You could sell 'er," Bill said. "Get good money."

"No," Steve said explosively. "She stays here, see? I won't give those so-and-sos the satisfaction. If Elmer gets up on his ears I'll pin 'em back for him."

"'S O. K. by me," Bill said. "A little scrappin' won't hurt me. I'm gettin' soft."



ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL B. WINSLOW

Meeting the battalion chief at a small fire that night, Steve confided his woes. Corbett smiled inscrutably. "Sure," he said. "Keep her and the devil with 'em! What do you care what this bunch of roughnecks says? . . . If she was mine, Steve," he went on, after a moment, "I'd breed her. Do her good to have pups to worry about."

It struck Steve as a good idea and he got his friend of the S. P. C. A. to arrange it. But presently came the catastrophe which made it seem impossible that Chemical Six could longer endure the humiliation of Puffy's membership. She had, of course, never been taken to a fire. There was supposed to be a rule against it anyway, though many Dalmatians rode the apparatus.

But one blazing high noon, as the truck gathered speed, Steve was horrified to see Puffy clinging precariously to the running board. Dropping the siren crank, he leaned down from his seat and hoisted her to his lap. And so Chemical Six rolled on to the fire ground with its commander veritably dandling the notorious lapdog on his knees, for every fireman in the battalion to gloat upon. Fortunately it was a short fire. The last thing Steve saw as he went into the building was Puffy, stretched on the Chemical's seat and radiating pride and friendship to a semicircle of jeering smoke eaters. The first thing he saw when he came out was the selfsame Puffy rotating in the jaws of a big Dalmatian while a dozen pairs of fire-department boots thudded a joyous war dance around them.

What made it peculiarly unpleasant was that Puffy's assailant chanced to be none other than the redoubtable Champion Plaster Hook of Engine Twenty-two. "Plaster hook" is vernacular for "pike pole," which is a branch of the boat-hook family with cutting edges. One of its many uses is in the tearing out of partitions and ceilings. The engine company had bestowed the title on their mascot in support of the boast that they frequently utilized his teeth for the cutting of metal ceilings. He was the biggest and the one and only vicious Dalmatian in the department. Furthermore, Chemical Six and Engine Twenty-two, dwelling only four blocks apart, entertained a peculiarly ardent aversion to each other. In the whole wide world Puffy could scarcely have chosen worse hands to fall into.

Steve elbowed through and clamped vengeful fingers on Plaster Hook's windpipe. When this had accomplished the desired result, he picked the champion up and tossed him into the crowd which promptly dissolved, having no wish to participate personally in a demonstration of Plaster Hook's can-opening proficiency. Puffy sat on the ground, panting, and looked up at her master with an adoring expression.

Battalion Chief Corbett rolled down from Front Street in the afternoon to see about it. He had an idea, he told Steve, that it might be just as well if Puffy didn't respond to any more alarms. Inwardly Steve agreed, but his dander rose at the injustice of it.

“ Look, chief,” he protested. “ Hasn't she got as good a right as any of those speckled polka dots? ”

“ There's a rule against it,” the chief suggested.

“ Sure,” Steve said—“ against any pets riding.”

“ Well,” the chief admitted, “ I'll poke headquarters about that. Meantime keep the little lady home in the interest of peace.”

“ Aw,” Steve returned, “ let the spotted mutts ride. . . . I'll keep her home.” Suddenly he broke down. “ Anyway I got to get rid of her. She—she's yellow.”

Corbett smiled quizzically. “ Don't be in a rush, Steve. Let her have her puppies first. . . . You know, when she crawls around she's just trying to be friendly—”

“ But she hasn't got any fight in her,” Steve protested. “ Look the way she let that spotted door mat throw her around this noon . . . and that Dutch sausage of Emil Wolff's.”

“ And look at the size of her,” Corbett retorted. “ She was spotting Plaster Hook twenty pounds, easy. . . . She isn't toting a chip on her shoulder, Steve, that's all. She won't fight till something really interests her.”

CARL M. CHAPIN

after graduating from Yale, spent twenty years on a newspaper, wrote reams on football, many short stories, and two mystery novels. He now lives in Vermont and concentrates on fiction. He says his life doesn't assay a grain of adventure to a long ton.

AS the period of Puffy's motherhood drew near, Steve and Bill Heffernan worked themselves into a lather over their responsibilities. They had built an elaborately lined and cushioned box for the occasion—and there was nothing more they could do but worry. Then, one night, some curious combination of combustion gases sent eight men from Engine Twenty-two to the hospital. Steve was one of the eight veterans from other companies detailed to Twenty-two to replace them. Bill Heffernan shifted over to boss the second platoon and a youngster named Heenan came down from the drill school to take Bill's place on the lieutenant's shift. That left Simpson with two greenhorns on his hands.

Steve, struck by panic, thought of sending Puffy to a hospital, but his S. P. C. A. friend laughed the idea to scorn. “ Run along and sell your papers,” he advised. “ The purp can manage that job without any help from you.”

Not wholly convinced, Steve moved his turnouts down to Engine Twenty-two, four blocks and two corners from his responsibilities at Chemical Six. Within a couple of hours Puffy had located him and visited him twice, narrowly escaping complications with Plaster Hook. When he took her home for the second time he nailed slats across the stable door to keep her there.

His life with Engine Twenty-two was anything but happy. The crew had not forgiven his mishandling of their champion, and neither had Plaster Hook, who stalked about and snarled at him with bared teeth.

Back at Chemical Six, Lieutenant Simpson and his rookies, Evans and Heenan, were doing the night trick, as was Steve, and it chanced that the lieutenant in person was on the watch desk when Puffy's hour of motherhood arrived. He was buried in morose brooding over the unjust fate which compelled a lieutenant to stand watch like a private, when the evening calm was rent asunder by sounds of terrific turmoil in the stable room. Dominating the uproar was a swift, shrill yelping. Simpson recognized Puffy's voice, but the note of purposeful, self-assured anger in it was completely new to him.

He switched on the ceiling lights just in time to see Heine Peitz, the butcher-shop hound, emerge from the stable at her best speed, with her tail between her legs and howls of anguish pouring from her mouth. The sounds of her lamentation died away up Roylston Street.

Lieutenant Simpson arose to investigate. It would be, he informed himself, just like his luck to have to preside over Puffy's blessed event. He was relieved to discover that the event had plainly taken place some time before, but Puffy, obeying tradition, had had her puppies at the greatest possible distance from the box prepared for them. There were five—four coal-black; the fifth a creamy replica of herself. The lieutenant was gloomily pleased to note that they looked like pigs and not at all like cocker spaniels.

Puffy looked up at him from her maternal duties and drew back her upper lip. It was not a full-grown snarl; her teeth showed in a narrow line like a thin, saturnine smile. However, it conveyed her meaning quite clearly. Simpson stopped in his tracks and stared at her in dumfounded amazement. But the thought uppermost in his mind was that the puppies, sprawling on the floor, constituted an outrage to the disciplined neatness of his engine house. He stooped and brusquely extended his hand with the design of carrying them over to the box where they belonged.

To Puffy it no doubt appeared that too much was rapidly becoming enough. She had produced those puppies with no little effort and discomfort, and now the world seemed determined to do them injury. She yelped once and struck fiercely at the threatening hand, and her fangs rasped across the back of it. The lieutenant leaped to his feet with an exclamation of fright and pain. The skin was not broken but Puffy's teeth had left an angry weal. He looked sourly down at her and she met his gaze squarely, her lip drawn back.

Simpson grunted morosely, and went out to wash and bandage his hand. After Evans had relieved him the pain kept him awake for the rest of the night. He came down in the morning firmly determined upon one thing—that Puffy had got to go as soon as the puppies would permit. He proposed to find out whether he or Steve Bancroft was bossing that house.

Bill Heffernan, with some difficulty, cajoled Puffy into letting him remove her offspring to the box, an operation which she supervised with stern care. Steve Bancroft arrived soon after the lieutenant left. He greeted the news of Puffy's successful accouchement with relief and inspected the puppies with a certain degree of curiosity and dull pleasure. But when Bill told of Puffy's brilliant repulse of Elmer Simpson and the Teuton hound, gloom redescended upon him. “ I'll sure have to sell her now,” he said. “ Elmer'll never stand for her after that.”

THAT night the two-o'clock watch fell to Heenan, the drill-school rookie. It was a stifling night and he took the watch chair to the sidewalk. Puffy emerged to see what the noise was about and take a breath of fresh air. She put friendly paws on Heenan's thigh, but he pushed her away, and after a moment she trotted off down the sidewalk. Her infants were more than twenty-four hours old and she was feeling quite blasé.

The building next door was an old residence block, remodeled for light manufacturing. Puffy sniffed at the door and leaped back, sneezing and jerking her head. She had sniffed that door a thousand times but it had never before behaved in this offensive manner. She yelped and, turning suddenly, came galloping back, paws flopping, ears flying, her earnest little body oscillating like the walking beam of a river boat, to consult Heenan about the strange phenomenon. She uttered a short yelp and began to whine and paw at his knee. He pushed her away. She trotted off a few steps, and, seeing that he did not follow, returned to paw at him again, whining.

The process was repeated several times before it came home to the youngster that there might be meaning in it. He rose abruptly and Puffy, having satisfied herself that he was under way, galloped back to the factory door and stood there, yelping. Heenan stopped beside her and looked. Thin smoke was seeping out around the door. He ran back to the engine house, jerked the lever of the house gong and drove the truck out into the street.

Now the catch in the thing lies here: On a still alarm from headquarters a fire company has nothing to do but respond. But when an alarm is given verbally at the house, headquarters must be notified before the company rolls, in order that the fact may be known and another company dispatched to back it up. Puffy had given a verbal alarm, but Heenan, in his excitement and inexperience, had failed to report it to headquarters. Thus Lieutenant Simpson broke down the door and led his chemical line into the smoke, mistakenly believing that in ninety seconds or less Engine Twenty-two would be there to back him up and take responsibility.

Puffy followed them in but the smoke stopped her breath and she reeled out, sneezing and choking. She rested a moment, then darted in again, only to be driven out a second time. She trotted up and down, pausing sometimes to yelp, sometimes to stare through the impassable doorway—panting, whining, occasionally yelping a sharp call, and never ceasing the swift oscillation of her pitiful little tail. There was nothing to make her care for the three men inside. One of them she thought she had cause to hate. But they were a part of her intimate community, and something in that dog's mind of hers told her that all was not right with them.

Down at Engine Twenty-two, four blocks away, on another street, Steve Bancroft, doing the watch trick, sat as Heenan had sat, tilted back against the doorpost. A tiny shape flashed around the corner and came dashing toward him up the middle of the street. There was no mistaking that walking-beam motion. Puffy was traveling belly to earth with that earnest forward thrust of the head, the swift flap-flap-flap of her absurd front paws and her great ears flopping above her head in rhythm with her stride.

What was he to do with her? She could not stay here with the cocker-eating Plaster Hook, and he could not get off to take her home. She reared against him, pawing at his knee with breathless, sobbing whines. She trotted away; returned to paw and whine again. Steve was quicker than Heenan to catch her meaning. There was something wrong. The puppies? It might be—but that was dog business; she would have attended to it herself or appealed to the man on watch. Must be human business.

He went to the desk and lifted the telephone receiver. A resonant voice said, "Fire alar-rm."

"Bancroft, Engine Twenty-two—Pete, my dog has just come from Chemical Six. Have they rolled?"

"Nope. Everything quiet."

"Something wrong, then. Give 'em a call."

He could hear the faint whir of the buzzer as the operator rang Chemical Six. Then, in a quicker, more alert voice: "They don't answer. What's wrong?"

"Give us a still. . . . We'll get up and find out."

"Can't do it, Steve. I'll call Corbett and get an order."

Steve hung up. That might mean three or four minutes, and in the fire business a single minute may be life or death. It was a dangerous risk for a hoseman to take, but he jerked the house gong and in a matter of seconds half-dressed firemen were thudding down the sliding poles. He called to the captain, "Still from Chemical Six," and jumped to his place on the tailboard, with Puffy under his arm. It was no comfort to him to see Champion Plaster Hook rear an alert head from his bed on the booster hose up forward.

The deserted chemical engine and the red hose line leading through the reeking doorway told them all they needed to know. Steve dropped Puffy and plunged with the others into the smother. They found Simpson and his men where poison gases in the smoke had dropped them, twenty feet inside, with fire not twenty feet away. In another two minutes they would have been dead.

AN hour later, Steve Bancroft, having absorbed a full portion of punishment in the alley behind, came out through Six's house to get a bit of air. He noted a crowding of unemployed firemen toward the middle of the street and a man on the outskirts beckoned him, pointing. Steve moved in, peering over shoulders. There, running in wild circles over the tangle of hose, raced the celebrated Champion Plaster Hook. His tail was between his legs. His mouth was opening and shutting convulsively, but the sounds of it were drowned in the roar of pumpers. Astride his spine rode Puffy, her teeth clenched in the back of his neck. At times her short legs lost their hold and she dangled against his flank. But always her teeth held and she scrambled back.

At length, with a desperate lurch, Plaster Hook shook her off. Steve started forward, fearing a tragedy of vengeance. But the Dalmatian, after one swift glance, lowered his head and departed at speed down Roylston Street in the general direction of Engine Twenty-two. Puffy rolled to her feet and started after him. But in a very short distance she yielded to the disparity of leg stroke and came padding back. Steve gathered her up and hugged her close to his wet coat. She looked up at him with perfect innocence and licked his chin. A smoke-hoarsened voice shouted in his ear:

"So what?"

He turned to face the battalion chief. Corbett's teeth slashed a white line across his grimed face. Steve leaned to his ear and shouted, "He must have been after her puppies."

"Nix," the chief rejoined. "He came strolling along and she jumped him out of a clear sky. She's just found out what fighting's for, that's all. And is she good!"

He placed his hand under Puffy's jowls and clamped her mouth shut. "Lady," he said to her, "I been trying to tell 'em it wasn't true what they said about you. Puppies, a rescue, and three fights in twenty-four hours! Well," he turned briskly to Steve, "lock her up with her pups and let's clean up this smudge before breakfast." Once more he bent over Puffy. "You licked that stuffed shirt good and proper, didn't you? We'll be having fire sales on spotted dogs all over town tomorrow."

THE END

★ TWENTY QUESTIONS ★

1—Who (see early photo) calls the big bad boys "rats" and traps them?

2—According to Greek mythology, who was the first woman?

3—Which city in the U. S. is the leading flour producer?

4—The Swiss flag incorporates which kind of cross?

5—Catgut (which doesn't come from cats) is prepared from what?

6—About how many canals are there in Venice? How many bridges?

7—What are wolframite and wulfenite?

8—There are how many red stripes in the flag of the U. S. A.?

9—Which armies opposed France in the Battle of the Nations?

10—Who starred in the film, How to Undress in Front of Your Husband?

11—Do hops grow on bushes?

12—Which animal, native to India, has destroyed large numbers of rats in Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and elsewhere?

13—The people of Latvia are called what?

14—Which long-published "book" contains historical sketches, lyric poems, dramas, social laws, pragmatic fiction, and legends among other forms of writings?

15—What is the most valuable fish caught in Puget Sound?

16—Which opera has enjoyed popularity the longest?

17—Who is baseball's Grand Old Man?

18—Waft and weft are terms used in which branch of industry?

19—The newest New York-to-Chicago streamlined trains make the run in how many hours?

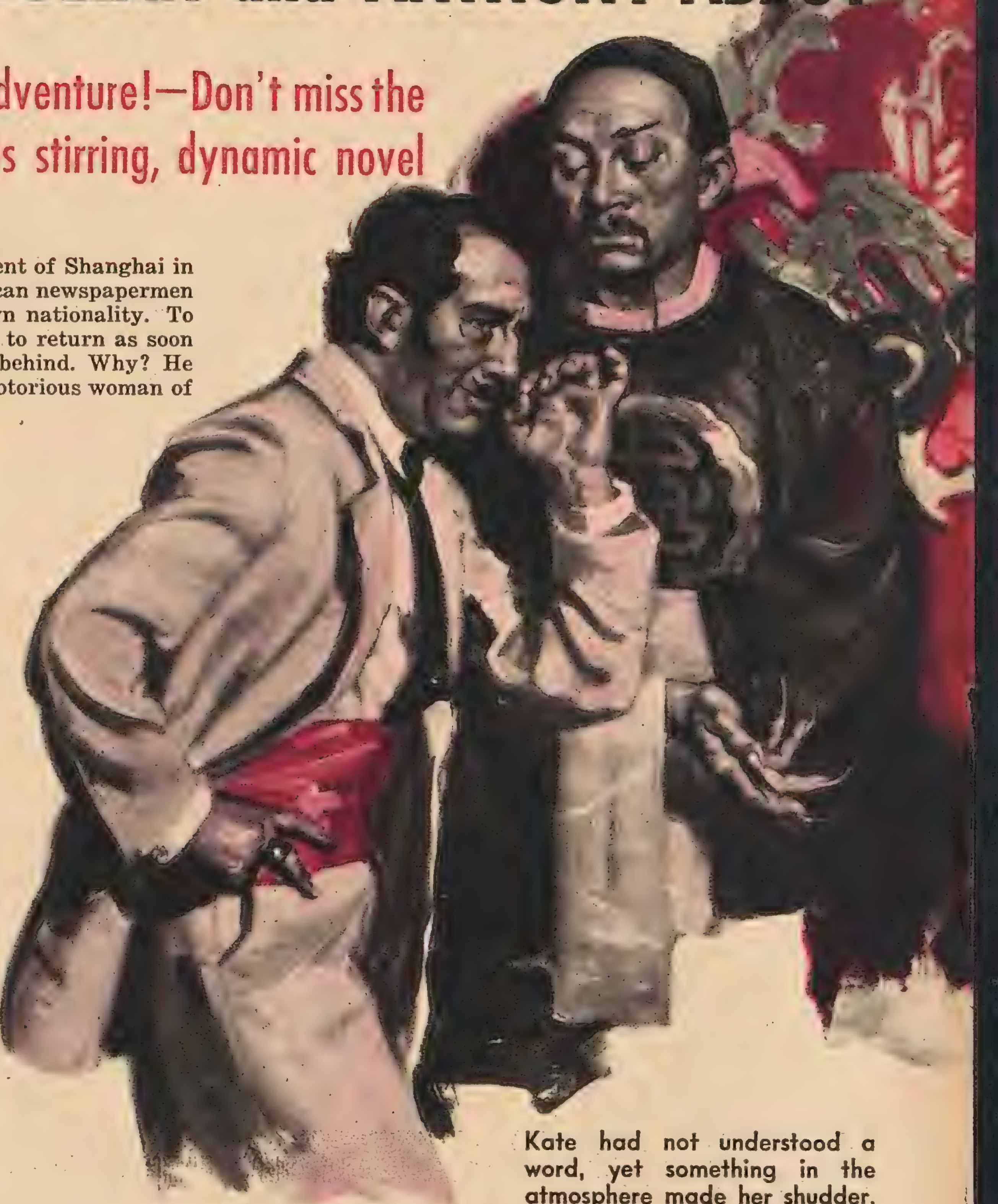
20—Who wrote Society and Solitude, English Traits, and The Conduct of Life?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

PARADISE KATE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

A gallant girl, a desperate adventure!—Don't miss the thrills that await you in this stirring, dynamic novel



Kate had not understood a word, yet something in the atmosphere made her shudder, caused her breath to fail.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

FLEEING from the Japanese bombardment of Shanghai in an old tub bound for Manila, two American newspapermen meet a wounded young fellow of their own nationality. To their surprise, he tells them he is anxious to return as soon as possible to the inferno they had just left behind. Why? He wants to find Paradise Kate, the blatant, notorious woman of Thibet Road. They listen to a tale that he hopes they may publish so as to help locate her. . . .

Back in 1922 Paradise Kate was Mrs. Billy Slater, the young wife of a sports writer on the Los Angeles Blade. They had a little boy, Junior. Beautiful Mrs. Slater insisted on keeping her job as manicurist at the Ambassador Hotel, and hired a cheap maid to look after her youngster. Even so, Kate often rebelled against her stupid lot, and longed for more variety and amusement in her life.

One of her flashiest patrons called himself Donald M'Leod, though his real name was Carlo Rossini. He took a fancy to Kate and hinted at a date. Hinted, too, that he could put some nice cash in her husband's hands if he would consent to join him in a little double-crossing prize-fight match. Billy Slater scorned it and told Kate he had a way to make some easy money himself, legitimately.

When she discovered it was a dangerous airplane stunt, she forbade it. A quarrel ensued in which she declared if he risked his life in that foolish way, she would go out with M'Leod and hit the high spots. Billy was unmoved, stubborn. Kate carried out her threat. But it resulted in her witnessing a murder in M'Leod's gang of bootleggers and dope smugglers. She must be removed, too. Death is close. She pleads with the leader for her life. M'Leod wavers, gives her a choice between a slit throat and Singapore.

"I'll take Singapore," she said, ignorant of its menace.

PART TWO—TERROR IN SINGAPORE

GOING to be a long, cold trip," remarked M'Leod. "Better pour another shot down your gullet, babe."

"Sure," agreed Kate. She needed it, she thought.

"Pedro!" M'Leod called out.

The kitchen door opened at a slant.

"*Caballero?*" asked the Mexican.

"Whisky for the little lady. That special brand—see . . .?"

Shortly afterward Pedro came in. Gingerly he sidestepped the body of the slain gangster. He held out a small glass to Kate, smiling at her with a flash of even, white teeth.

She finished the drink at a gulp; felt, suddenly, a little faint; dropped into a chair, and, the next second, something like a huge black shutter tilted across her brain. Yet, even as she lost consciousness, she became aware of a hand pressing against her nostrils, of a sickeningly sweet odor that enveloped her.

Then a voice—was it Pete's?—saying:

"Quick work, chief. . . ."

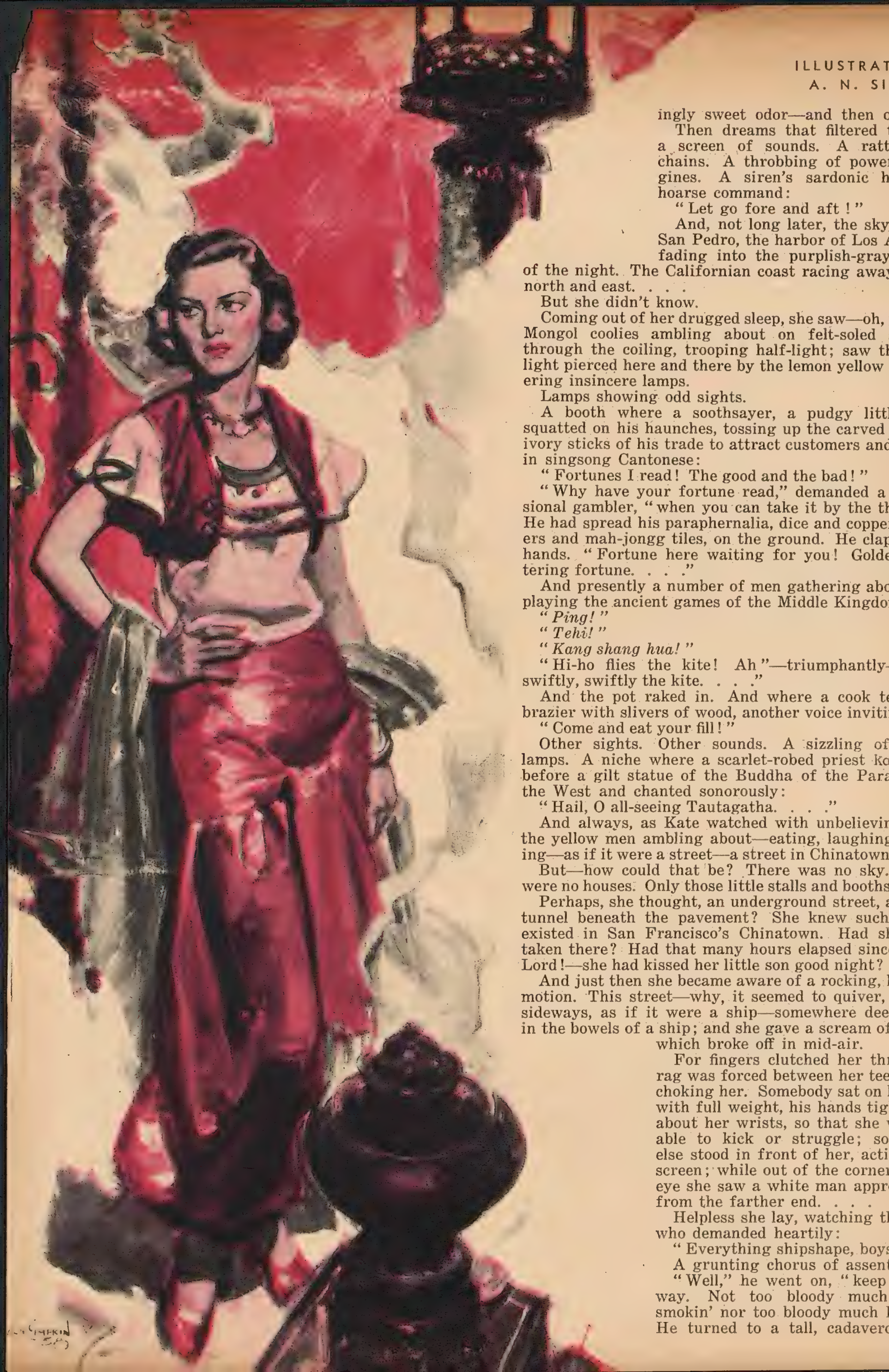
Another voice giving curt orders:

"Take that short cut to San Pedro, Jake. Tell the Chink bo's'n we'll be along as fast as we can . . ."

"With a swell piece o' cargo," a guffaw; "worth money, eh?"

"Yeah. Ought to bring in a nice piece of change—in Singapore. Well, the Chink's welcome to it. . . ."

Vague the voices, dim. Vague and dim to Kate; a sensation of something coarse, like burlap, being wrapped about her; of arms lifting her; of swiftly, monotonously rotating wheels; of these wheels after a while grinding to a stop; more voices conferring in whispers; and again a hand pressed against her nostrils—again the sicken-



ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

ingly sweet odor—and then oblivion.

Then dreams that filtered through a screen of sounds. A rattling of chains. A throbbing of powerful engines. A siren's sardonic hoot. A hoarse command:

"Let go fore and aft!"

And, not long later, the sky line of San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, fading into the purplish-gray welter of the night. The Californian coast racing away to the north and east. . . .

But she didn't know.

Coming out of her drugged sleep, she saw—oh, yes!—Mongol coolies ambling about on felt-soled slippers through the coiling, trooping half-light; saw the half-light pierced here and there by the lemon yellow of flickering insincere lamps.

Lamps showing odd sights.

A booth where a soothsayer, a pudgy little man, squatted on his haunches, tossing up the carved painted ivory sticks of his trade to attract customers and crying in singsong Cantonese:

"Fortunes I read! The good and the bad!"

"Why have your fortune read," demanded a professional gambler, "when you can take it by the throat?" He had spread his paraphernalia, dice and copper counters and mah-jongg tiles, on the ground. He clapped his hands. "Fortune here waiting for you! Golden, glittering fortune. . . ."

And presently a number of men gathering about him, playing the ancient games of the Middle Kingdom.

"*Ping!*"

"*Tehi!*"

"*Kang shang hua!*"

"Hi-ho flies the kite! Ah"—triumphantly—"flies swiftly, swiftly the kite. . . ."

And the pot raked in. And where a cook tended a brazier with slivers of wood, another voice inviting:

"Come and eat your fill!"

Other sights. Other sounds. A sizzling of opium lamps. A niche where a scarlet-robed priest kowtowed before a gilt statue of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West and chanted sonorously:

"Hail, O all-seeing Tautagatha. . . ."

And always, as Kate watched with unbelieving eyes, the yellow men ambling about—eating, laughing, arguing—as if it were a street—a street in Chinatown. . . .

But—how could that be? There was no sky. There were no houses. Only those little stalls and booths. . . .

Perhaps, she thought, an underground street, a mazed tunnel beneath the pavement? She knew such things existed in San Francisco's Chinatown. Had she been taken there? Had that many hours elapsed since—dear Lord!—she had kissed her little son good night?

And just then she became aware of a rocking, heaving motion. This street—why, it seemed to quiver, to jerk sideways, as if it were a ship—somewhere deep down in the bowels of a ship; and she gave a scream of fear—which broke off in mid-air.

For fingers clutched her throat. A rag was forced between her teeth, half choking her. Somebody sat on her legs with full weight, his hands tightening about her wrists, so that she was unable to kick or struggle; somebody else stood in front of her, acting as a screen; while out of the corner of her eye she saw a white man approaching from the farther end. . . .

Helpless she lay, watching the man, who demanded heartily:

"Everything shipshape, boys?"

A grunting chorus of assent.

"Well," he went on, "keep it that way. Not too bloody much poppy smokin' nor too bloody much knifin'." He turned to a tall, cadaverous, bespectacled Chinese. "You're the boss, Fah. See to it that the boys behave."

"Yes, sir."

"Good old Fah. Wot would I do without you?"

The man laughed; left as he had come. A sailor, Kate knew, by sign of double-breasted blue jacket and gold-laced cap with the legend "Semiramis" embroidered on it. Knew, too, at that instant where she was: aboard a ship in the below-deck quarters of the Chinese crew. Quarters, indeed, like a Chinatown street. Presently Fah stepped up to the bunk where she was.

With a wave of a bony hand he dismissed the men who guarded her. He removed the rag from between her teeth.

"Now," he told her in excellent English, "you may yell to your heart's content."

She didn't. She realized it would be useless. She stared at him; spoke a few words in low, passionless accents, as if she were stating a trite and chilly fact:

"You lousy yellow skunk!"

He smiled, lit a cigarette, replied in his cultured English:

"You must learn to control your temper, or they will beat you very badly—in Singapore."

She gave a start. Singapore—here it was again. The place which the gangsters had mentioned. A little port—somewhere. But—where . . .?

"Where?" she echoed aloud. "Where is it?"

"Over there," Fah gestured vaguely, "at the back of beyond. A city of spices, of warm tropical winds, of romance. Romance for the men of the seas. They pay well for it. And so many of them like their romance—ah—white-skinned and golden-haired."

Then she understood completely. She recalled things she had read. Things which hitherto she had laughed at as figments of a writer's lurid imagination. Modern slavery . . .

Slavery? Why, it just couldn't happen to her! Not to *her!*

A violent shock of terror ran through her.

"Aw, gee," she mumbled childishly—"aw, gee . . ."

She sat up. She grasped Fah's hands.

"Listen!" she implored. "You—you wouldn't do that to me, would you? Sure you wouldn't! You couldn't! You're a gent—ain't you? You're a square shooter! You're a swell guy! Of course you are! Of course . . ."

His smile deepened.

"What," he said, "is your fate to me?"

And he blew out three perfect smoke rings. . . .

QUEERLY, she did not dislike the man; neither now, nor later on, during the years of her black, sordid shame in Singapore; the years of her crimson, flaunting shame in Shanghai. On the contrary, even in those years, she would feel sorry for him. Felt sorry for him aboard the Semiramis when, in the course of the next few days, she got to know a good deal about him; heard how, a man of decent family, born and bred in San Francisco, he had gone to college; had become a successful lawyer; and then . . .

"Opium," he told her.

The single word contained the whole bitter tragedy of his life. He had slipped down the ladder; had known the inside of more than one Californian jail; had finally become a bo's'n on the Semiramis, where he had been now for over a decade. Not occupied with seafaring duties but as an interpreter, a middleman between the captain's bridge and the crew's quarters. Middleman, too, between the second mate—Nelson was his name, and he was the man who on that first night had come below deck—and Donald M'Leod who, with the former's help, was smuggling dope from Far Eastern ports.

"Opium," Fah added, "is expensive. And you"—he spoke quite impersonally—"are beautiful. You will bring three—maybe four thousand dollars at Koo Sung's house, on Malabar Street. And consider how much first-chop *li-un* that will buy me. . . ."

She knew better than to plead and implore. So she suggested that he let her cable to Los Angeles from the next port. Her husband somehow would raise the money . . .

"Ransom—see? Five thousand bucks. Perhaps six. . . ."

He shook his head.

"No," he replied. "You were a witness to the killing. That's why M'Leod gave you the choice between death and Singapore. He'll never permit you to return."

She was silent. She heard, drifting from the promenade deck, faint laughter and voices. White people's laughter and voices. So near. And might as well be a thousand miles away.

Only one man could save her. Nelson, the second mate.

He hadn't been down here since that night. But sooner or later he was bound to make a tour of inspection. And this time the Chinks wouldn't catch her unawares. She'd yell before they had a chance to gag her and . . .

Fah must have read what was passing through her mind.

"Do you imagine," he inquired, "Nelson would help you? Like me, he, too, is afraid of M'Leod. He, too, is in his pay."

Again she was silent. Beaten she felt. Crushed. By one man's savage brutality. And hate poured blindingly upon her. Red hate against M'Leod that was destined to be the lodestar of her life from this day on; stronger and more terribly compelling—until a certain hour in the distant future—than love for her little son. . . .

She looked up. Fah was still talking. She had not heard a word.

"What're you saying?" she asked.

"That, to make assurance doubly sure, we shall not put Nelson to the test."

SO hereafter, when Nelson—with the grapevine giving warning in plenty of time—made his infrequent careless inspections, Kate, gagged and tied, would be hidden in some bunk under a heap of reeking dungarees. And on one occasion when the captain took a number of passengers on a personally conducted tour below deck—slightly ill at ease they were and slightly patronizing, as they beheld the Mongols' base infinitudes—Fah forced her, an hour earlier, to drink a cup of heavily drugged tea.

And the days passed. Days of despair for Kate, of horror, and ever the dull wondering what had happened back home in Los Angeles. . . .

That night, when Bill had not found her in the apartment, what had he done? She had told him she was going out with the gangster. Had he talked to the latter? Had he discovered—anything? Sure he hadn't—not from M'Leod—that hard-boiled rat. . . .

And his parachute stunt—surely he had been too worried about her, too busy looking for her, to go on with it. And Junior—was he longing for her, crying for her, as she was longing and crying for him? Oh, if she only knew what had happened, was happening, back home!

And then, one day, she found out.

The Semiramis had stopped at Sydney to take freight and passengers off and on. In the evening Fah brought her an Australian paper. Without much interest, she glanced at the front-page cable news.

A fanatic called Hitler—it seemed—was boasting that some day he would rule Germany, and the world was laughing up its sleeve. Japan had made arrogant demands on China, and the Western Powers had promptly told her where to get off. Half England's workmen were on the dole, and that was something which could never happen in America where—thanks to the Republican Party—business was booming in great style. And Mussolini's days were almost numbered, and . . .

She yawned. What did she care? She turned the page; saw a caption:

TRAGEDY IN LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles. Home. She began reading; exclaimed suddenly:

"Oh, God!"

She read on. She gave a scream. Fah came up.

"What is it?"

She pointed at the page. He, too, read.

All about Kate Slater who had run off with a gangster;

had left a scrawled note, telling her husband she'd never return. The latter cut to the heart; had attempted a parachute stunt the next day; had failed to pull the string in time. Or perhaps had not pulled it on purpose? At all events, he had broken his neck. There was an only child. No living relatives. A wealthy middle-aged couple had offered to give him a home; to adopt him later on, if the mother did not show up. . . .

She sat there, staring straight ahead with bleak, ravaged eyes.

The scrawled note. A forgery. And Bill had believed it. Had believed it of *her*. Believing it, he had chosen death.

Death—she echoed in her mind—suicide.

Death was O. K. It brought things to an end, a full stop. . . .

She jumped to her feet. But Fah pulled her down; said:

"I shall now prepare a pipe for you. And you will find peace—at least for a short while."

He kneaded the brown cube. He dropped it into the small lamp. The opium boiled, sizzled. He taught her how to lean back, shoulders pressed well down, so as to inflate her lungs and keep them filled the longer with the soothing fumes. And out of the fumes, out of the whirling poppy dreams, came not peace but a steely decision.

She would not die. She could not. Not just now. For there was her son—she must live for love of her son. And there was M'Leod—she must live for hate of M'Leod. . . .

And the days passed. Then there would be the long hours, the lone gray hours of night. Gaunt static hours, utterly devoid of meaning, except the meaning of her love—and her hate—and her horror at the imagining of what awaited her in Singapore. . . .

Argue with Fah? Plead, implore, flatter?

What was the use?

Here was a fact which she must face—somehow.

And it is interesting to reflect that from this moment on, Kate Slater—Paradise Kate to be—would always face facts, without trying to fool herself, to gloss them over so as to make them look pretty. But staring them straight in the eye; weighing them; shrewdly figuring how, in the end, she might shape them, twist them, use them—with hard resolve, hard patience, and courage.

Which was queer. For there was no hardness in her fine blue eyes. No hardness, perhaps, in her soul. . . .

SO there came the last morning. Singapore looming up on the horizon; stabbing, minute by minute, more sharply into the focus, like a city of brass and copper and gold. And presently the Semiramis, bullied by a couple of wheezy tugs, stepping carefully among the mosquito fleet and steaming toward Nederland wharf and Tanjong Pagar dock; and, on the promenade deck, the passengers exchanging cards and promises, soon forgotten, to write, to call, to keep in touch with one another; and, below deck, Fah offering a cup of tea to Kate.

"Drugged?" she asked.

"Why should I lie?"

She shrugged her shoulders. She drank; sank, not long afterward, into a stupor—unaware of the hustle and bustle of the landing, the clanking of chains, the rasping and scraping of boards as the ship backed into her slip; the quartermaster's shout:

"Everybody ashore!"

Then the passengers stepping down the gangplank—to be immediately engulfed by a crowd of natives. Natives of half Asia's ruffianly and mendacious races. Men with headgear ranging from huge solemn turbans to rakish tarbooshes and coquettishly embroidered skullcaps. Men in every conceivable and inconceivable stage of raggedness. Jabbering in every known and unknown language. Shaking greasy testimonials under the passengers' noses. Offering their services in a dozen proper and improper capacities.

Mostly improper.

Under the second mate's swearing, sweating command, brawny stevedores began unloading freight.

Long hours of it, while morning changed to afternoon and afternoon to the rose-red sunset of the tropics.

And now no sound at all. The great Nederland wharf deserted but for a squat little Malay, the night watchman, rhythmically walking his beat—left! right! left!—then suddenly stopping, as from the Semiramis drifted a faint throaty whistle, like a crane calling to its mate.

He smiled. He knew the query which the sound contained. His answering whistle meant:

"Everything is quiet and safe."

He rubbed his hands. His old friend Fah, he considered, was always good for a few rupees—for reasons. He wondered what the reasons might be this trip; saw the other's lean features appear in back of a porthole and asked softly:

"Bringing—ah—cargo?"

"Yes."

"Cargo worth how much—to me?"

"Twenty rupees, O brother to the horseleech!"

"Allah, Allah!" The Malay was impressed. "Must be precious cargo."

Not long later, Fah stepped down the gangplank, half carrying a woman whose eyes were closed, whose feet dragged like leaden weights, who breathed heavily. Yet, in the glow of the single lamp at the end of the pier, her hair shimmered golden and her face was lovely and white and young. . . .

And it was in Koo Sung's house on Malabar Street—incongruously respectable it seemed with its striped awnings and whitewashed façade—that Kate awakened several hours later.

She found herself in a room that, fretted with shifting lights, lay in dim, scented splendor. Age-darkened ivory-inlaid furniture faded into the corners where the shadows coiled golden and brown. The walls were covered by exquisite embroideries on mauve silk. Here and there, on table and étagère, were ancient priceless pieces of Chinese porcelain, the pride of Ming and Kang Hsi and peachblow celadon. Underfoot stretched shimmering thick-napped rugs of taupe and tawny orange; and taupe and tawny orange also was the couch on which she was stretched out. . . .

NOT that, just then, she cared for either silks or delicate porcelains. What she wanted was water, plenty of it—with her temples throbbing so and her mouth bone-dry.

On a taboret near the farther wall she caught a glint of carafe and glass. She got up. She was still a little dazed as she passed a tall mirror and instinctively stopped and looked at herself.

"Can't be me!" she exclaimed.

For during her drugged sleep—she noticed now—they must have changed her dress, the cute little Frenchy thing she had put on that evening—how many weeks ago?—when, to teach her husband a lesson, she had gone out to paint the town red with Donald M'Leod. . . . Gee! But she had worn it to rags among the Chinks below deck, and somebody had changed it. Had taken off her other things too. . . . Gosh! Old Fah sure had doped her good and proper. . . . Must have laughed at her—she was furious as well as embarrassed at the idea—yes! she had not known anything about it. . . . Can you beat it? And here—had she known—she was dressed as a Tartar lady in the days of the Dowager Empress. . . .

A loose sort of blouse—must have cost a mint of dough, she reflected—of creamy-white muslin painted all over with tiny butterflies in pastel shades that ranged from lilac to eel gray. Voluminous trousers of soft purple velvet, very tight about the ankles and girt with a broad shawl that blended furnace crimson and pansy violet. A short jacket of a slightly deeper tint of purple velvet, fastened with braided loops and oblong jade buttons; and slippers of dark-red satin, and . . .

She studied herself in the glass. Was young enough—and woman enough and vain enough—to admire her charming colorful reflection.

Nifty! she thought. I'd get first prize at the Native Sons' costume ball—in Los Angeles. . . .

And then, with the echo of the last word in her brain, came fear, terror. Why—she was no longer in Los Angeles. She was in Singapore, in the power of yellow men.

Facing the fact of it. Right. But facing it with violence and rebellion.

Gotta get out of here!

She ran to the door. Found it locked. Ran to the window. Found it iron-barred.

Gotta get out of here! . . .

How? Dear Lord! How . . . . ?

Panic invaded her.

Again she ran to the door. She hammered at it with her fists; threw herself against it; then jumped back as it was pushed open from the outside and a man came in—a small swarthy man who bowed deeply and made pompous announcement:

“I am Leopoldo de Villareal d'Acosta.”

Here was an aristocratic Portuguese name redolent of medieval knight-errantry; and the little man with the hooked nose and the waxed mustache had a perfect right to it—including the escutcheon of three bees gules on a field azure which was embroidered on his expensive though not very clean undershirt. Yet, in spite of name and escutcheon, he was a Eurasian, a Goanese half-breed; a topographical chart, all by himself, of half Asia's motley races; a walking, breathing, and quite unsavory proof of the biological theory that the white, the black, and the brown should not mix their seed.

Too, he was rich. Enormously rich . . . “a spider,” to quote his own confidential Hindu clerk, who hated him, “weaving his nets, baited with gold and corruption, from Calcutta to Singapore and from Singapore to Shanghai and—ah!—beyond the Pacific, as far as Los Angeles—over yonder—in the fantastic, foreign Americas. . . .”

He was, furthermore, amorous and sensuous. And when, earlier in the evening, Koo Sung had told him about a new woman whom he had engaged—“a white lily,” the obese trader in living wares had described her lyrically, “whose face is like a poem by Li Po, whose hair is ruddy as the morning sun, whose eyes are violets drenched in dew”—the half-breed had interrupted with:

“How much?”

“Three thousand rupees, O wise and older brother.”

“One thousand rupees.”

“Her narrow and delightful feet are worth that much—and more.”

For quite a while they had bargained, thoroughly enjoying the process, being Oriental business men, smoking thin black Trichinopoly cheroots and sipping honeyed brandy, until finally they had agreed about the price. And now the Goanese came into the room. He saw that Koo Sung had not overpraised his new charmer and he repeated:

“I am Leopoldo de Villareal d'Acosta. . . .”

KATE was conscious of a sharp reaction, akin to relief. Heaven knows what she had expected to happen when the door was being pushed open. Something monstrous, bestial, terrible. And this—this little man—why—just like Tony, the friendly Sicilian down Sunset Boulevard from whom she used to buy her oranges. And such a cunning mustache, not much bigger than Charlie Chaplin's. And quite the dude with his white pongee suit and the pink silk shirt. . . .

Nobody to be afraid of. . . .

And her greeting was friendly—and faintly contemptuous, faintly patronizing:

“Look who's here!”

D'Acosta drew back a step. He bit his lips.

The slur in her voice. The—blessed saints!—the scorn and slight disdain. He recognized it. Well, he wouldn't stand for it. Not tonight. Not in Koo Sung's house.

He had paid for the privilege of wooing her—he must interest her; he did not own her.

But he forgot that.

Without a word, he walked up to her. He took her in his arms. He kissed her brutally. And Kate laughed—oh, yes—laughed.

Her laughter was partly hysterical and partly caused by genuine amusement. Why, this— this funny undersized specimen—behaving like a cave man! . . .

Without much effort she brushed him aside.

“Cut that out, you half-pint!”

“Oh”—he echoed furiously, ludicrously—“half-pint?”

“Don't imagine you're a full quart—do you?”

Her laughter rose. But when, once more, he took her in his arms, she grew angry. She slapped his face and sent him spinning.

“Leave me alone, you little brown monkey!” she cried out.

He stared at her.

“LITTLE brown monkey—eh . . . ?” His accents were curiously level.

He went to the door; called loudly:

“Koo Sung!”

The latter came running.

“*Tuan?*”

“Listen!” D'Acosta spoke in purring Malay. “It appears that this lady whom I admired is not yet aware of my admiration.”

“And you”—slowly—“wish . . . ?”

“Yes.”

The other coughed.

“The expenses,” he said, “will be higher.”

“The cost does not matter—although,” quickly, “there will be a discount on the total.”

“Fifty thousand rupees—for three months of this year when I can teach her Chinese, literature, art, and music.”

“Forty!”

“Forty-five, O wise and older brother, including the—ah—taming.”

“The price is agreeable.”

“And the education begins . . . ?”

“Now!”

Kate had not understood a word, yet was conscious of something in the atmosphere—something melodramatic and unreal—something that made her shudder, caused her breath to fail; and her horror increased as the two men turned and looked at her—D'Acosta looking at her with gloating triumph, and Koo Sung with an expression on his round placid features akin to pity.

But he overcame his pity. He was, after all, a business man; and some day he hoped to retire, to spend the rest of his days in the far west of China, surrounded by peace and beauty . . . quoting classic poetry and drinking jasmine-flavored tea. . . .

Therefore . . .

He left the room; came back, a minute later, accompanied by three men. Two were Malays, short, stocky. The third was a Chinese, tall, heavy—he carried a plaited knotted whip curled round his brawny forearm.

D'Acosta greeted him smilingly:

“Ah—my old friend Ching Ling Hi. . . .”

Kate looked at the man, the square forehead, the prognathic jaw, the whole granite countenance that so strangely reminded her of Donald M'Leod. . . .

Ching Ling Hi!

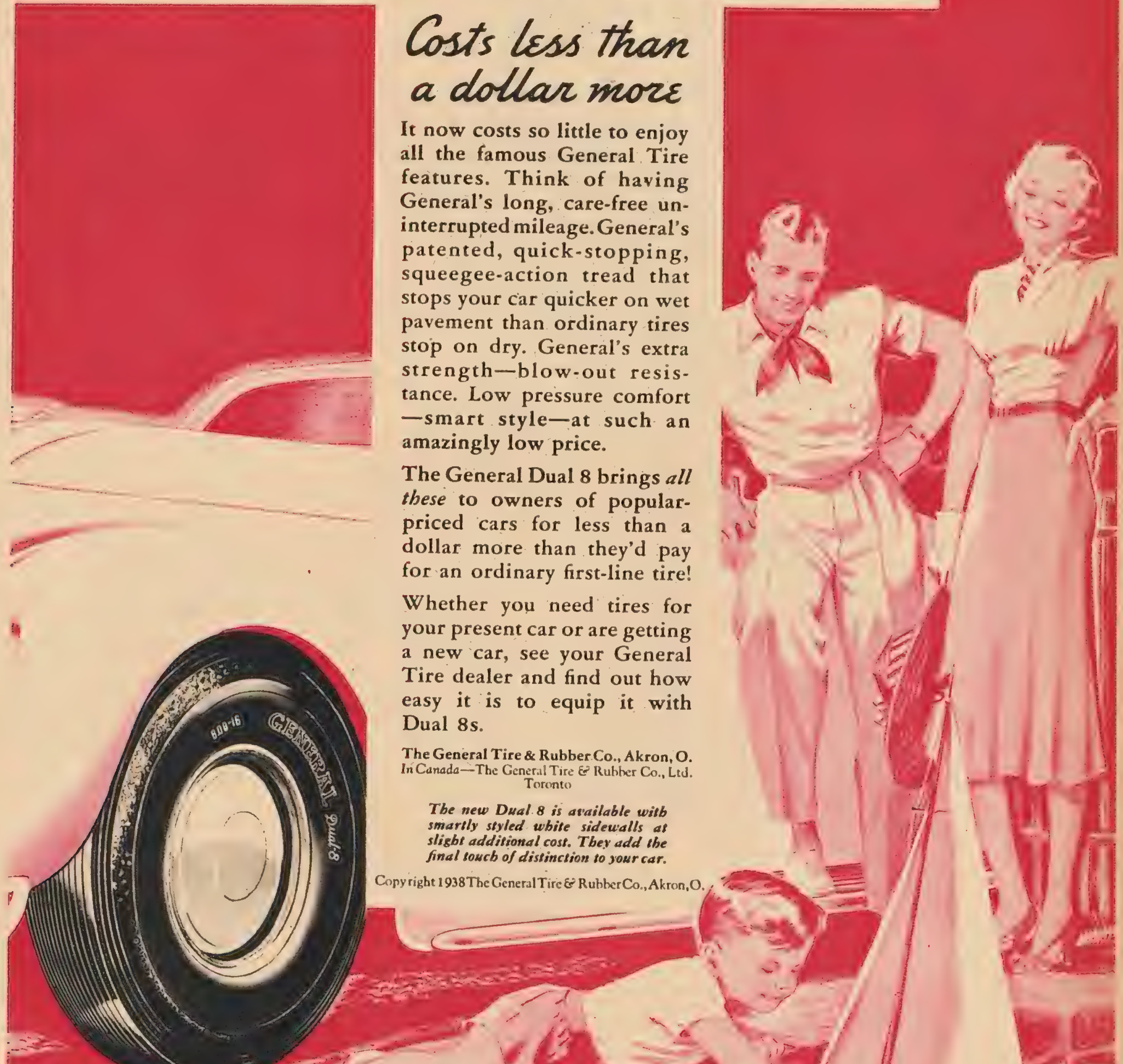
She did not know the name. Had never heard it before.

Yet, at this very moment of overwhelming fear, there seemed to her a meaning to the name. A most vital meaning. Dealing with neither past nor present, but—yes, yes!—with the future. A meaning that—oh—transcended logic and common sense. . . .

And then she gave a scream of terror as the two Malays seized her.

How can Kate ever break through the yellow fiend's horrible web of slavery in which she is enmeshed? Will she win by means of submission or guile? Who is there to lend aid in her abasement? Next week's Liberty holds an astonishing answer for you.

Now you can afford the tire you've always wanted



Costs less than a dollar more

It now costs so little to enjoy all the famous General Tire features. Think of having General's long, care-free uninterrupted mileage. General's patented, quick-stopping, squeegee-action tread that stops your car quicker on wet pavement than ordinary tires stop on dry. General's extra strength—blow-out resistance. Low pressure comfort—smart style—at such an amazingly low price.

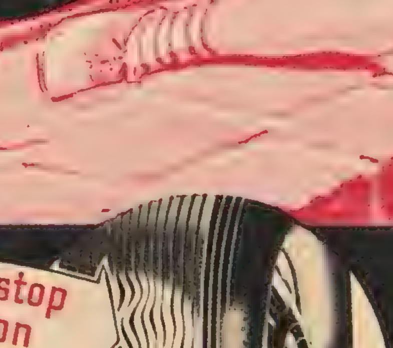
The General Dual 8 brings *all these* to owners of popular-priced cars for less than a dollar more than they'd pay for an ordinary first-line tire!

Whether you need tires for your present car or are getting a new car, see your General Tire dealer and find out how easy it is to equip it with Dual 8s.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.
In Canada—The General Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd.
Toronto

The new Dual 8 is available with smartly styled white sidewalls at slight additional cost. They add the final touch of distinction to your car.

Copyright 1938 The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.



Exclusive quick-stop *wrinkle* action

When you apply the brakes the flexible tread *wrinkles*—grips and holds. The harder you brake the quicker you stop. Patented by General.

THE GENERAL *Dual 8*

- goes a long way to make friends

The Sheik of Araby

Yes, he had personality!

The story of how a time-defying star has wrought the movies' strangest miracle

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT took a star who has been dead twelve years to bring the people back to the box office.”

The gentleman who thus crudely apostrophized the most recent resurgence of romance in our national life was Mr. Harry Brandt, who earlier in the summer had made the front pages by suggesting that several high-salaried modern movie stars were “poison at the box office.”

Harry was entitled to his gloat. He had stood for a good deal of criticism for speaking so harshly—and, in some cases, so truthfully—about certain pretty ladies of the Hollywood hierarchy. And now he was standing on the sidewalk outside his theater in Times Square watching the long cues of men and women of all ages waiting patiently for their turns to see Rodolpho Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi in The Sheik.

The old magic was working again. Valentino was packing them in.

Diagonally across the Square, in the George M. Cohan Theater, another Valentino sand picture, Son of the Sheik, was also doing capacity business. In five other East Coast cities it was packing them in; and in Chicago, at the Garrick, it was doing more business than any other picture in the city—save one, which boasted as an added attraction Tommy Dorsey's swing band.

After twelve years of the grave, the Forgotten Man of Filmdom was being billed as “The Greatest Screen Lover of All Time,” backed by a borrowed blurb from Damon Runyon to the effect that, as a feminine-heart swatter, he was “worth three Gables and four or five Taylors.”

And he seemed to be living up to his billing.

First credit for this remarkable resurrection should go to a smart independent movie operator named Emil Jensen, who last year purchased the negative of Son of the Sheik from the usually astute Joseph M. Schenck's old Art Cinema Corporation. At a modest tryout in a Washington, D. C., theater, the ancient film, starkly silent though it was, broke all house records. Encouraged, Jensen streamlined his property with a musical score and a few primitive sound effects, and jumped to Boston, where the Washington success was promptly duplicated. New York and Chicago followed; then thirty other key cities, including the movie capital itself. Contracts were immediately signed for five hundred big circuit theaters, to be followed by approximately five thousand neighborhood houses.

At a time when the picture theaters of the country were languishing in a slump, Son of the Sheik promised to net its new impresario a neat $500,000.

Revivalist Jensen made converts where he least expected them—in the somnolent atmosphere of a productionless Hollywood. Surely one old film deserved another—in fact, several others. So Snow White Hollywood and the Seven Dwarfs dug and dug with their little picks and shovels until they uncovered some three hundred time-buried cinema nuggets. Even twenty-three-year-old The Birth of a Nation was exhumed. The Griffith masterpiece still carried a wallop, and it continued to be exhibited with considerable success.

Meanwhile there were two hundred and ninety-nine other resurrected films.

The Dwarfs rubbed their hands in glee. Why hadn't they thought of all this before? It cost $1,000,000, sometimes $2,000,000, to make a super-colossal production, only a few cents to dust one off. Once more the industry had been saved!

Of course it hadn't been. It had simply received a shot of much-needed oxygen.

But the old pictures *were* good. They were much better than the B product which had been rolling out of the Hollywood mills. It was definitely proved that a really good old picture will outdraw any really bad new one.

None of which, however, accounts for the hysteria over the two Valentino pictures, which continued to outdraw both old and new, good and bad.

Surely the pictures themselves cannot account for the phenomenon. The Sheik never was a good picture. Judged by today's standards, it invites laughs at every turn. It is mostly about plump Agnes Ayres' fight against “a fate worse than death,” and her last-reel smiling acceptance of the same fate after she finds that the Sheik is a nice white boy, after all.

Son of the Sheik, produced some years later, is technically a much less ludicrous affair. The story, however, and most of the acting, are strictly junk.

And what of Valentino? How did he fare?

Rides Again

Well, most of you will see and decide for yourselves.

Personally, I cannot feel that he escapes altogether from the ridiculous limitations of the cinema of his day. As to his acting ability, it is almost impossible to judge. The parts he plays in these two pictures do not require acting; they require action. Of that he gives them plenty—the broad and dashing variety—a mad rush of adventure, a gay intensity of love-making.

Comparison with modern heartbreakers doesn't get us very far, either. Robert Taylor, before he began to muss up his hair in an attempt to make the men like him, was Valentino's closest physical counterpart.

Taylor has the same straight nose and well set ears, the same well proportioned body; but he lacks entirely the Italian's burning eyes, sensuous lips, and vivid, arresting manner. Both men have beauty. Valentino has verve.

In Son of the Sheik, with Vilma Banky.

Errol Flynn has both beauty and verve, and a considerable amount of Valentino's bounding, acrobatic gift for action. He also has Rudy's flair for wearing picturesque costumes without looking ridiculous. But when it comes to lure, he is no Valentino.

Gable? Well, Clark makes no pretense to beauty, and would punch the face of the man who said he did. He has verve, to be sure, and plenty of it. And when he is allowed to act, he uncovers depths which Rudolph Valentino never dreamed of sounding.

What has been said of Gable goes, in slightly modified form, for Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Charles Boyer, Cary Grant, Bill Powell, Herbert Marshall, Warner Baxter, and the youthful Tyrone Power. Any one of them can act all around Valentino. So, for that matter, can Robert Montgomery and Melvyn Douglas and Don Ameche and Robert Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Yet, in competition with all these moderns, and hampered by his own limitations and those of the medium in which he worked, it must be admitted that Rudolph Valentino stands up remarkably well.

The explanation? Personality.

The bizarre Latin type that wears a slave bracelet as naturally as a necktie or a smile, Valentino was admittedly baffling to the forthright American male, and not a little annoying. Our men put him down as a gigolo—which he certainly wasn't!—and when the real gigolos began to ape both his looks and mannerisms, his doom, so far as masculine America was concerned, was sealed. But feminine America did its best to compensate.

In life always a victim of women's yearnings, in death he was their prey. Stricken by peritonitis while in New York, his body lay in state in a Broadway funeral parlor, while crowds of fifty and a hundred thousand people, mostly women, milled and shoved and scratched—and stood all night in a pounding rain—for a chance to view their idol's remains. Plate-glass windows gave way before the pressure of the crowd, inflicting great gashes on those nearest to them. Sixty-five were injured one day, one hundred another. Admiring fans banked the funeral chapel with $50,000 worth of flowers, while souvenir hunters stripped the casket of every removable device. At the funeral there were so many fainting women that a doctor and two nurses set up a first-aid station in the vestibule.

Yes, Rudy had personality.

It may be, too, that he was a better actor—potentially, I mean—than he ever had a chance to show. He was only thirty-one when he died; he would be only forty-three today. At thirty-one, he was still young in acting experience. He had emotional force, and he had brains. Given a role he could sink his teeth into, like the one with Nita Naldi in Sabatini's Blood and Sand, he did surprisingly well according to the cinema acting standards of that day. It wasn't his fault that his work was confined so largely to silly roles. After the box-office success of The Sheik, Hollywood, which contains more sheep than you could count jumping over a fence in a whole night of wakefulness, would have nothing but sheiks and near-sheiks.

"I want to play Cesare Borgia," he used to say.

At the time of his death there were signs that he had won his long fight for better roles. His next picture was to have been The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, and his studio was negotiating with Rudyard Kipling for Gunga Din.

Rudy's wife, Natacha Rambova, daughter of a perfume king, dabbled in all arts. Loathing Hollywood, she egged Rudy on to fight against the powers that reign there; then, when he won some measure of independence, she walked in and helped him wield that hard-earned power. The time came when her husband could no longer gratify her love of power. "And then," as one of Rudy's closest friends has said, "they separated."

Personally, the ending of his romance was a tragedy. Professionally, it might have been a blessing. It is possible, even probable, that he would have made better pictures when she was no longer in his life.

On the other hand, the talking screen might have ended his career as suddenly and as tragically as it did Jack Gilbert's. In private life Valentino displayed a pleasing mellow voice, but the phonograph record he made of the Kashmiri Song was so poor that it was not issued until five years after his death. The plain fact remains that two of his very crudest pictures are outdrawing all but the very best that Hollywood can do today.

It is futile to hope that Hollywood can continue to pull itself up by its revivalist bootstraps. By early fall Hollywood will again be face to face with the problem of making new pictures, and if it is to survive, it must make pictures that we the people will pay to see. But Valentino will not have risen in vain if he has helped to make both picture producers and picture exhibitors study that problem with something like reasonable intelligence.

THE END

Why I am *still*
Investigating th

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

When Mrs. McLean, hoping to bring about the recovery of the Lindbergh baby, called in Gaston Means, she was anything but ignorant of his character and reputation. She had bluntly told him as much when they had met some years before. When he now came to her home, on March 4, 1932, she had at hand a friend armed with a pistol.

Means said he had recently refused, in New York, to act as go-between for a gang in a big kidnaping that was to be done about March 1. He was now convinced that the Lindbergh "naping" had been the one in question. He could "contact" the gang again, but his name must be withheld and she must not inform her lawyers.

The next day he told her that one of the gang was coming to Washington, and that they had stipulated that it must be a Catholic priest to whom the baby would be eventually turned over. When he came to her home that evening, she had there not only Father Francis J. Hurney but also Captain Emory S. Land, a relative of Colonel Lindbergh, to whom Means said: "Tell the Colonel the police have given out an erroneous description of the baby's sleeping suit." It was a fact—and Means' knowledge of it so impressed Colonel Lindbergh that he gave Captain Land his warm approval of Mrs. McLean's proposed negotiations through Means.

Meanwhile Means had tentatively O.K.'d a country home of hers, Far View, in Maryland, as the place for the delivery of the baby. He said the gang had jumped the ransom from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. After difficulties about secrecy, she managed to obtain that amount in old bills of small denominations. When Means left her Washington home, late Monday evening, March 7, the hundred thousand dollars left with him.

PART THREE—A HAUNTED ROOM . . . AND A VIGIL

THERE was a nerve-racking silence all day Tuesday, and then Means phoned and came over the next morning—Wednesday, March 9, the eighth day after the Lindbergh baby had been stolen. He dropped into a chair, looked about the drawing room to make certain we were alone, then leaned forward and in almost a whisper said:

"I have good news for you, Number Eleven. The member of the gang who is in Washington was waiting for me when I got home with the money night before last, and he approached me when he saw me entering my home with the box. He asked if that was the money, and I said it was. I told him to wait outside until I made sure the family was asleep, then I would let him in."

Means added that he found that everybody was in, had taken the big cardboard box to the basement, and then had let the kidnaper in and shown him the money.

"I took it all out and piled it on a table," Means continued, "and let him examine it for himself. He was pleased right off the bat to see that the bills were of small denominations and that they were old and worn and that the serial numbers did not run consecutively. In other words, Eleven, this member of the gang is convinced that you are going to play fair in this matter, and he has passed that word along to other members."

He said he and the kidnaper had counted the money all over again, and the gangster had been highly delighted on finding that there was an even hundred thousand there all right. Thereupon he had left, promising to contact Means at a later date.

Then, Means said, he had placed the money in a safe, pending further developments.

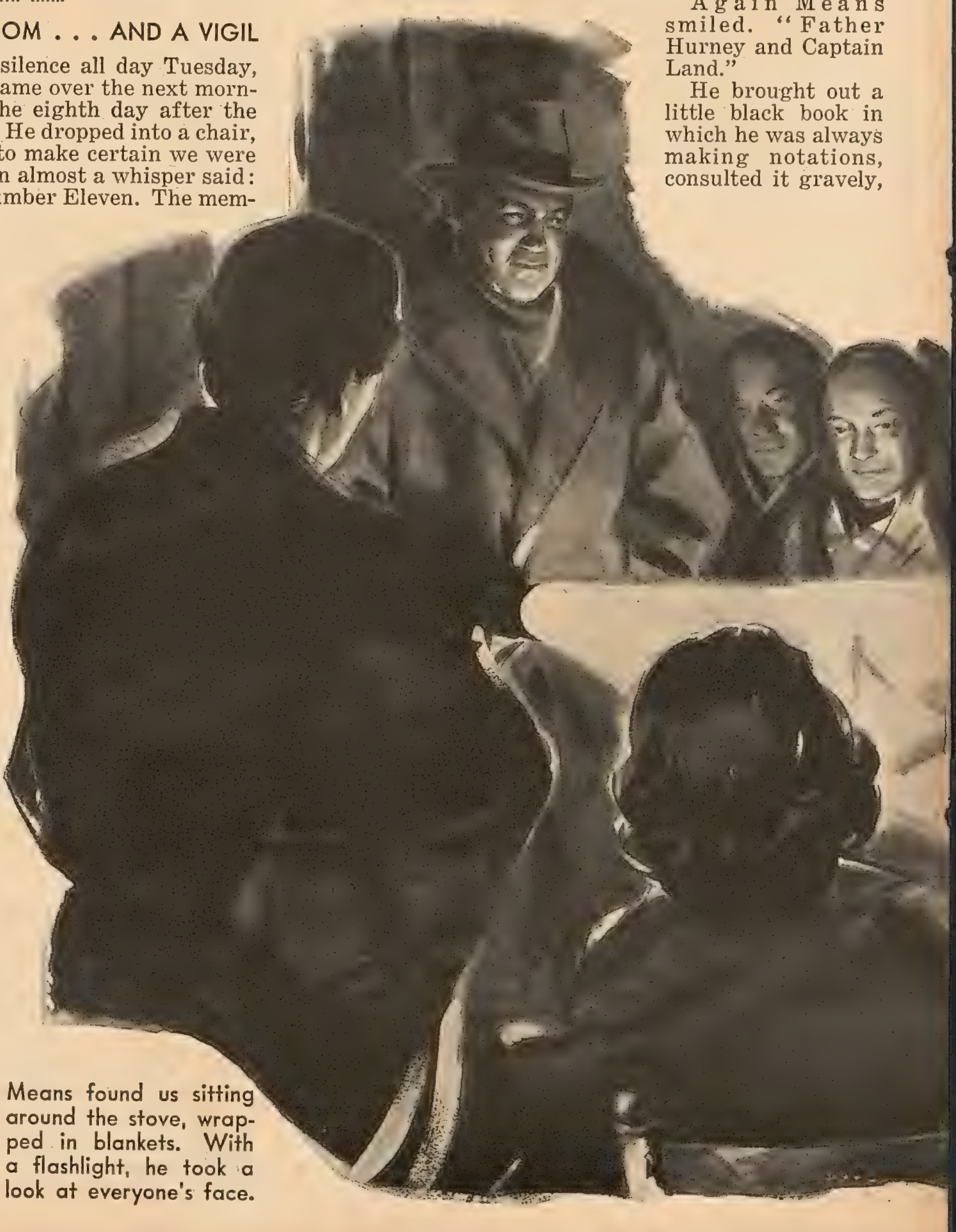
I asked him about this "Number Eleven" business.

He smiled understandingly. "Oh," he said, "*that.* A detail—a mere detail. In an investigation of this kind, when of necessity there will be telephone calls that might possibly be overheard, I always make it a practice to assign code numbers to the principals. So henceforth I shall always refer to you as Number Eleven, and you are to refer to yourself as such whenever you transact telephone business with Number Twelve or Fourteen, or myself, or any one else who might enter the case."

"Numbers Twelve and Fourteen?" I repeated.

Again Means smiled. "Father Hurney and Captain Land."

He brought out a little black book in which he was always making notations, consulted it gravely,



Means found us sitting around the stove, wrapped in blankets. With a flashlight, he took a look at everyone's face.

Suspenseful waiting in a house of mystery! . . . A bizarre interlude in the startling story of an amazing experience

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN HUGHES

Lindbergh Case

By Evalyn Walsh McLean

with Alan Hynd

and then continued:

"Garfoni, the butler, is going to be known henceforth merely as Number Thirty. A fine man, Garfoni. He can be trusted. The kidnaper wanted to know all about him and any other servants of yours in whom it might be necessary to confide, and I said they were all all right. But, by the way, I know very little about Number Twenty-two. I assume he is to be thoroughly trusted?"

"Number Twenty-two? Who might that be, Means?"

"The caretaker at Far View."

"Oh, yes," I said; "he can be trusted absolutely."

Means made a check mark in his little black book—another detail attended to.

"And now," the Genius of Evil went on, as mysterious as ever, "you will have to pack up and get out of here."

"What!" I ejaculated. I could hardly believe my ears.

He nodded. "Yes," he said. "It is unwise for you to remain here during these negotiations. The gang is afraid you will be trailed—and they don't want a man with my connections seen coming here too often."

"Why, Means, you know very well that I can't simply pack up, leave everything, and disappear—just like that! What would people think? They'd become suspicious that something was wrong."

Means pointed out the necessity of my leaving for Far View at the earliest possible moment; the next day, if I could. He said that inasmuch as the kidnapers had tentatively approved the plan to turn the baby over at the country place in Maryland, the smart thing for me to do would be to go there and stay there, to show them I was on the job. At Far View I was to keep in constant touch with Father Hurney and Captain Land, so that I could reach them by telephone instantly and have them come there immediately whenever their presence was required.

"You see," said Means, "inasmuch as the book is not very far from Washington, it is entirely possible that it may be delivered within a few hours, at any time."

"The book?" I said. "Is that the code for the baby?"

Means nodded. "And now Hogan must be going," he said. "I'm Hogan. That's the name of one of your lawyers, so it will be easily remembered. I never give myself a number, always a name."

And so "Hogan" went on his mysterious way, agreeing to call me later to see if I had worked out a plan whereby I could suddenly leave 2020 Massachusetts Avenue without arousing any curiosity.

Now, this presented a genuine problem. My comings and goings were of interest to my friends, who phoned me at frequent intervals, and they were being especially kind then owing to my grief over my mother's recent death. Then, too, in the normal course of events, my lawyers would phone me frequently on business matters, or would call at my home. It was imperative, therefore, that I find some reasonable excuse to absent myself for as long as the negotiations would take.

For I knew that the minute the newspapers began to comment on what to them might be a mysterious absence any value I had in the ransom negotiations would cease to exist. And unless I gave my lawyers some reasonable explanation they might fear that I myself had been kidnaped—for I had often been threatened—and then they would go straight to the Department of Justice. And once Department of Justice men got on my trail and crossed that of the gang Means said he was in contact with, you can imagine what would have happened to the ransom negotiations.

I finally telephoned a good friend of mine—a Baltimore surgeon. I explained to him that it was highly important that no one know where I was for an indefinite time—perhaps a day or two, perhaps a week or two. (For Means had explained to me that the kidnapers wanted to wait until the hysteria died down somewhat before they would take a chance on delivering the "book.") I then asked the physician if he would participate in a bit of subterfuge, assuring him that the cause was most worthy and a matter of life and death.

"What do you want me to do, Mrs. McLean?" he asked.

"I wish you would arrange to have it stated to whoever might call Union Memorial Hospital between now and the time I next get in touch with you, whenever that might be, that I am a patient there, taking a rest cure, that you are in attendance, and that it is nothing serious but under no circumstances am I to be disturbed. Do you think you can arrange that for me, doctor?"

The doctor agreed. "When, may I ask," he said with a chuckle, "are you to be received?"

"Tomorrow night," I told him, "about seven o'clock."

"When are you leaving your home?"

"At six—promptly."

"Very well, Mrs. McLean. And when this is all over, would you mind telling me what it's all about?"

"Gladly. And thank you so much."

And so, at dusk the next evening, after a conference with Father Hurney, Captain Land, and Means, and after telling the servants staying behind that I was going to Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore for a rest and to pass that word along to any friends who phoned or called, I set out for Far View with Miss Nelson, my mother's nurse and my friend; my maid, Inga; and Harry Kohler, a chauffeur who had been in our family's employ for thirty years. Garfoni left for Far View in his own car. We headed in the direction of Baltimore, then doubled back on our tracks and went to Far View by treacherous back roads.

I want to tell you that Far View was the most God-forsaken place I have ever looked at as we drove up to it after dark that night. As per Means' instructions—and he said they had been passed on to him by the kidnapers—there was not a light in the place. Lights were forbidden, even in the fireplaces. And inasmuch as the furnace was not in working order, that meant that we had to depend on the heat from a little stove in the kitchen. The windows were all boarded up, and had been since the place had been deserted, save for the caretaker, a year and a half previously; and all but bare furnishings had been removed.

© Harris & Ewing

Far View, which in nights of suspense seemed haunted.

We all huddled around the kitchen stove and Garfoni prepared a meal for us, picking his way around by flashlight. Each of us carried a flashlight, too, and we focused these lights on our plates as we ate. You see, the whole idea of the thing was that Far View was to retain its appearance of being unoccupied.

The night was bitterly cold. After dinner Means came out. He found us all sitting around the stove, wrapped in blankets. The entire house, outside of the area immediately around the stove, was like an icebox.

With his flashlight, Means took a look at every one's face. At this time he assigned two more numbers. Miss Nelson was to be known as Number Fifteen; Kohler, the chauffeur, as Number Sixteen.

Means explained to Miss Nelson and me that the kidnaper who had been shadowing him—and us—had seen us drive into Far View, that he was satisfied, and that he had instructed Means to proceed to the old Means family homestead at Concord, North Carolina. There Means was to get some sort of word from him.

The following night—precisely at nine thirty—Miss Nelson and I were to meet Father Hurney in the vestry of a certain Washington church, and there use the telephone in the study to call Means in Concord. Means had asked Father Hurney to arrange for us to use the vestry.

Means tarried long enough to give me some private opinions of his on the Lindbergh case. "It's partly an inside job," he said. "If the police would only question certain people up there as to where they were at the time of the kidnaping, they'd be getting somewhere. Why, Number Eleven, if the whole truth about this thing ever comes out, there'll be many a ruined reputation in this country of ours."

And with that Means was off, mysteriously, into the howling night.

I took a room on the second floor, and just as I was about to drop off to sleep, at a time when I was certain that the entire household was asleep, I heard footsteps on the stairs. I wondered who could be coming up. First I thought it was Garfoni, who had perhaps left his room on the second floor to go downstairs to attend to something.

But the sounds reached the head of the stairs and passed right by Garfoni's room and came toward mine.

I was terrified!

As they reached my door, they stopped. I thought that any moment whoever it was would enter my room. But presently I heard sounds ascending steps that led from the second to the never used unoccupied third floor. These stairs began on the other side of a door opposite that of the room I was occupying. The steps grew fainter and fainter, until at length I heard them above the ceiling of my room.

I arose, slipped on a bathrobe, took my flashlight and went into the hallway. I looked at the door through which one would be obliged to pass in order to reach the steps leading to the third floor. It was locked, and there was no sign of a key!

I went back to my room, puzzled and frightened. I listened, but heard no other sounds. At length I said to myself, "Evalyn, you're being a damned fool," and dropped off to sleep, convinced that the steps I had heard existed only in my overworked imagination.

The next morning Garfoni, looking pale and drawn, approached me and said:

"Madam, if it is just the same to you, could I please change my room tonight?"

I asked him if his room was too cold or he was otherwise uncomfortable. He shrugged and said it wasn't that; it was something he didn't want to talk about.

I was too preoccupied to question him at length. I merely thought he was being silly about something, although that was not at all like Garfoni, and told him to change rooms with Inga, the maid, that night. All during that day every time I happened to look at the butler's face in the gloom that was Far View, I noticed that he seemed dreadfully worried. But I was too worried myself to pay much attention. I was puzzled about the footsteps of the night before, and it never occurred to me that there might be any connection between them and Garfoni's desire to change his room.

Far View had for years been occupied by my mother, who had died only recently, and every room I entered was haunted by the memory of her.

None of us could eat, we were so nervous, and we drank cup after cup of black coffee. In addition to that, we were chilled to the marrow. One of the hardest things, for me, was being unable to pick up the phone and call my daughter Evalyn, then eleven, from whom I had never before been separated. No calls were to be made over that phone; it was to be kept open so that Means could reach me at any moment without delay.

That night Miss Nelson and I were driven into Washington by back roads, and we met Father Hurney in the vestry. Just as Means had said, the vestry was open and warm, and there was a telephone there. I waited until exactly half past nine—Means had told me to make certain that my watch was exactly right and to call on the second—then picked up the phone and gave the Means Concord number to the operator.

Now, ordinarily it would have taken a few seconds at least to put through a call to North Carolina; but the instant I had finished speaking the last numeral of the Means telephone number to the operator, what did I hear but the hateful voice of Gaston Means himself! I could hardly believe my ears. Of course I could not question him about the miraculous connection.

"This is Hogan, Eleven," he said. "Listen carefully. There will be a slight delay in that matter about the book.

Return to where you were and remain there until Sunday night. Then go to the home of Number Twelve [Father Hurney] and call me again at this same number at the same time as you are calling tonight. By the way, everything is fine, despite the delay. And please pass my kindest regards on to Twelve and Fourteen [Captain Land]. Good-by."

Disheartened, I hung up, told Miss Nelson and Father Hurney what the news was, and sat there biting my lips.

"Mrs. McLean," said the priest, "don't be discouraged. This matter will no doubt take time. Be comforted in the fact that you are doing all you can, and place your trust in God."

I was assailed by doubt as I returned to Far View. I looked back on my dealings with Means. I would wait and see what he had to say when I phoned him Sunday night, I concluded, and then decide whether to demand a showdown with him. In one way, everything about the affair could very well have been a hoax. But, on the other hand, I wondered if a criminal as clever and experienced as Means would have been so foolish as to take that money from me in the presence of Garfoni and Father Hurney, and with the knowledge of Miss Nelson and Captain Land, if he were not on the level this time. It hardly seemed conceivable.

The next morning—Saturday, March 12—Inga came to me with tears in her eyes. "Madam," she said, "could I please change my room tonight?"

She had, you will recall, slept in the room that Garfoni had complained of the morning before.

"Somebody," she said, "kept pulling the sheets off my bed every time I went to sleep."

"Was your door locked, Inga?"

"Yes, madam, all night long."

"And were the windows in your room locked, too?"

"Yes, after the first time the sheets were pulled off and I couldn't understand why."

"You mean to say, then, Inga, that some one pulled those sheets off your bed when you were alone in the room, with the door and the windows locked?"

"Yes, madam," she said, "that's just what happened."

She was absolutely certain that nobody had been secreted in the room, in the closet or under the bed. She said she had looked with her flashlight.

Now I called Garfoni, and, without telling him about Inga's experience, demanded to know exactly what had happened to him in that room. He told virtually the same story as the maid. And now I remembered about the footsteps I had heard the first night there!

That night I decided to occupy the room myself. I stayed awake all night, sitting up in the bed, wrapped in blankets. Nothing happened, and finally light came through the cracks between the boards in the windows and I knew the long night was over. I was telling myself that perhaps Garfoni and Inga, nervous because of their mission at Far View, had experienced something like a nightmare, when suddenly several books, which had been placed securely between two book ends on a table at one side of the room, tumbled across the table and fell to the floor! It seemed as if some one had been behind the wall in back of the table and had shoved them.

I stared at the books on the floor. My heart was pounding. I was in a panic.

When I recovered sufficient control of myself to get out of bed, I walked over to the table. But I could not find the answer to the strange happening. There was nothing unusual about the wall against which the table stood. I would have laid the incident of the books to sheer imagination or overwrought nerves had it not been for the stories of Inga and Garfoni, who are very level-headed individuals.

And so I got to thinking of the footsteps again. I asked every one in the house, including the caretaker, whether he or she for any reason had gone to the third floor on the Thursday night. No one had.

I decided to explore the long-unused third floor. The caretaker was the only person who had a key to the door leading to the stairs. The door had obviously not been opened in a long time, for the caretaker had difficulty in making the key turn the lock.

THRIFTY MILEAGE

MOBILGAS SURE GOES A LONG WAY!

ONE LOOK at the picture tells you it's about saving money. The Mobilgas sign, like the thrifty Scotsman, is a symbol of savings—of getting your money's worth.

Every day, more than 1½ million motorists stop for Mobilgas because they know it means more miles with less "fills"... better all-around car performance... driving that's real fun.

Profit by their experience. Fill up today at the Red Horse Sign. Get America's favorite gasoline!
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

There was nothing on the third floor except a few pieces of old furniture. A thin coating of dust covered the floor, and there were no footprints. I concluded that I must have heard noises made by the wind.

That night, shortly after eight o'clock, Kohler drove Miss Nelson and me in to the Washington home of Father Hurney. Promptly at nine thirty I put in a call for Means' home in North Carolina. This time there was no startlingly quick connection, but a normal one that took about thirty seconds.

"Number Eleven?" came the voice of Means.

"Yes," I said. "What's new, Hogan?"

"Delivery is imminent," said the scoundrel. "Have Numbers Twelve and Fourteen at the point of proposed delivery tomorrow night at eight o'clock. I will be there. Things are proceeding slowly but surely."

I got Jerry Land on the phone, and Jerry agreed to be at Far View with the priest the following night. I could hardly understand Jerry over the phone; he had such a cold he could hardly speak above a whisper.

I returned to Far View. Nobody would sleep in what we were now calling the haunted bedroom, so we anticipated a fairly peaceful night. But in the middle of the night I was awakened by the sound of footsteps—those same footsteps, coming up from the first floor, then slowly along the hallway! I got out of bed, opened the door a crack, and stood there trembling as the sounds came closer in the pitch-blackness. It was all I could do to keep from fainting as I heard them right there in front of me—but couldn't see a thing.

THEN I heard sounds on the other side of the closed—and locked—door that led to the third floor! Could it be that some one had succeeded in unlocking and opening that door, just a few feet from me across the hallway, without my having heard a sound?

Tremblingly I reached for my flashlight. The door was closed. I tried it, and found it locked! The only answer seemed to be that some one had passed straight through it—and of course that was utterly beyond consideration.

I summoned the caretaker. Together we picked our way up the stairs to the third floor. We searched every inch of the place with our flashlights, and found—nothing. The caretaker gave me a questioning look, and I can't say that I blamed him. I was like the old man in the play, On Borrowed Time, who talks with the personification of Death; only the old man hears Death answer him, and everybody else thinks he's crazy.

I was unnerved almost to the breaking point. What could account for these ghastly occurrences? I wasn't to hear the explanation—an explanation that still sends shudders through me when I think of it—until a later day, and then I was to hear it in a totally unexpected place.

After dark on Monday, March 14—the thirteenth day after the baby had been kidnaped—Father Hurney and Captain Land arrived at Far View. The weather seemed to be increasingly colder, or perhaps we were feeling it more. Miss Nelson and I had a talk with the two men before "Hogan" arrived. I said frankly that I was getting more and more suspicious of Means, because it had been seven days since the money had been turned over to him, and this was the fifth night of my stay in Far View.

I said I thought it was high time for action of some sort; for here we were in a location that nobody knew about, and half a hundred kidnapers could have come here with fifty babies, and no one would ever have noticed them.

Captain Land agreed that Means' background certainly made the thing look suspicious at first blush, but said that, after all, he could understand why whoever had the baby would be loath to take a chance on traveling over police-patrolled roads with it.

Father Hurney, on the other hand, gave all of us a jolt when he said:

"I think that this man Gaston Means, no matter what his past has been, is now acting with God in his heart. I am firmly convinced—and nothing shall *ever* convince me otherwise—that Means is in contact with the individuals who have that child."

You might put this statement down to the credulity of a good man not inclined to see the evil in others. But you wouldn't had you known Father Hurney. There was nothing of the Pollyanna in him. Though a man of God, he was well acquainted with the world and the ways of men.

Three of the four of us had now had our say. We turned to Miss Nelson. The nurse said simply: "I agree with Father Hurney one hundred per cent."

Then we heard a car driving up, and in came Means.

His tale that night was simple enough. The child was safe, he said, and the plan to deliver it to Far View was still O. K. with the kidnapers, but they were afraid to make the drive from their secret location not far from Washington to Far View just yet.

"See here, Means," I said. "If the risk of getting stopped is all that's troubling them, I have a solution."

"Good," said Means. "What is it, Eleven?"

"I'll get the official car of the Vice-President of the United States. Charlie Curtis is one of my best friends and would be willing to lend me his car in a minute, and no questions asked. And nobody would think of stopping the Vice-Presidential car."

Means snapped his fingers. "That's a bully idea, Eleven!" he said. "Just bully! Let me think that over, will you—put it up to the gang and let you know?"

When he left that night, he said it would be all right for Father Hurney and Captain Land to return to Washington, but they were to keep themselves in readiness for a call that might come through from me in response to a call I might get from him.

The next afternoon (there had been no footsteps on the stairs the night before) the phone jangled.

"Hogan speaking. Number Eleven? Have Numbers Twelve and Fourteen there at nightfall tomorrow. We will attempt to break through with the book between nightfall and dawn! We won't need that car you spoke of. The boys are afraid of the Indian."

I knew, of course, that Means meant the Vice-President, as dear old Charlie Curtis was part Indian.

IT was a grim gathering in Far View at nightfall Wednesday, March 16. Captain Land had one of the worst colds I've ever seen anybody out of bed with, and Miss Nelson found that he was running a temperature of over a hundred. There was a man who, every hour he stayed in that freezing place, was running a great risk of coming down with pneumonia and losing his own life so that of a baby could be saved. We all had colds, of course, but nothing to compare with Jerry Land's.

The hours wore on. We sat in silence in the dark, shivering and drinking black coffee, peering through cracks in the boarded-up windows for some sign of a car coming up the ice-covered driveway. One of us was always right at the phone, in case it should ring. If I had never known before that night what the tortures of suspense could be, I learned then. I wondered how my little girl was, and if she was all right. I could have found out instantly merely by picking up that phone and calling home. But I couldn't. The life of a baby—a baby out there somewhere in the vast loneliness—might be jeopardized if I tied up that phone to find out how my own flesh and blood was. And in that room was a priest, silently calling out to God that this dreadful mission we were on would receive the blessings of heaven. And in that room was a man afflicted, a fine and noble man who should not have been in that room at all, but in a hospital.

Two o'clock. Three. Four. Five. Dawn.

Gnawing, numbing suspense—the horror of the supernatural . . . . the very specter of Death itself in that lonely house among the brittle, wind-licked trees. That was my lot. And I was a foolish meddler, seeking the glare of the spotlight?

Don't make me laugh!

What was to end this frightful suspense? How was the satanic "Hogan" to explain away his failure to deliver the "book"? What appears to have been at the bottom of those ghostly intrusions during the nights at Far View? Next week Mrs. McLean will tell you—and will enthrall you with questions even darker and more mystifying!

A New Way
WITH OLD CRIMES

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

as told to Herbert Corey

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

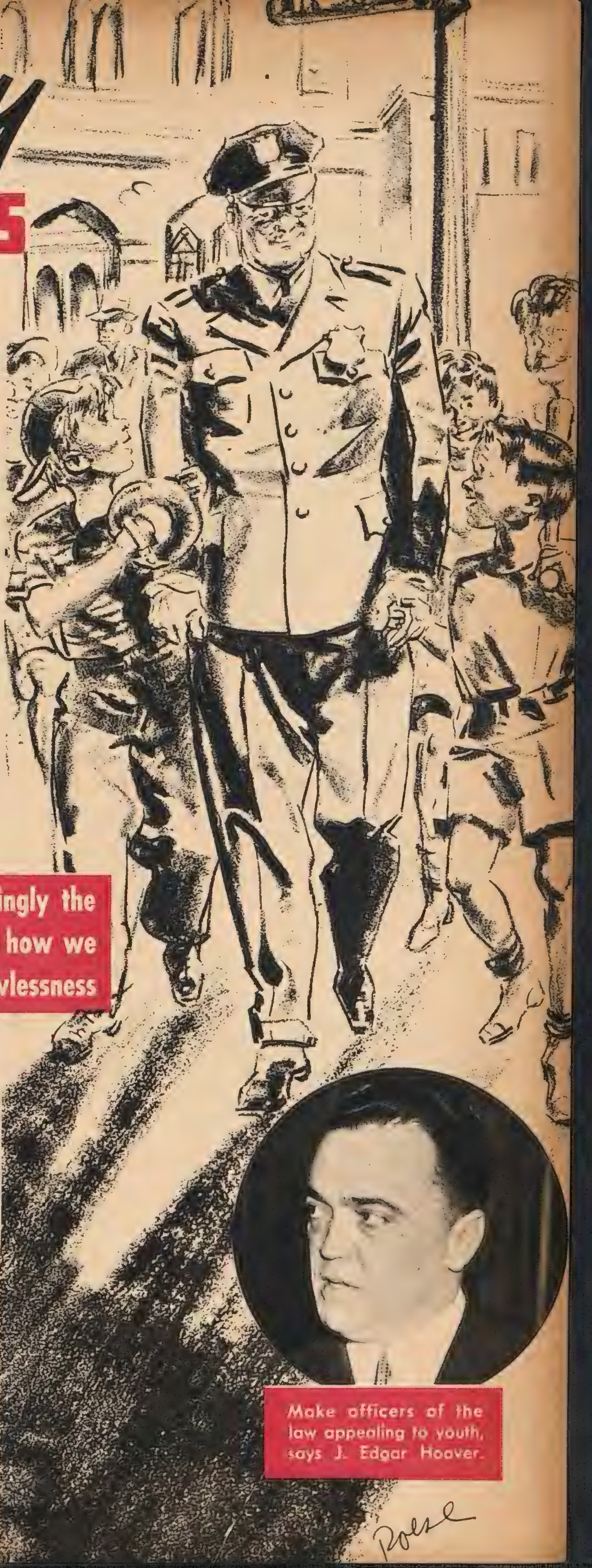
I FIRMLY believe that constituted law enforcement, if it is efficient, if its personnel is well trained, and if it has been afforded the proper facilities whereby it may discharge its duties, can cope with the present-day activities of the criminal element. The real problem that must be solved if permanent relief is to come from the present-day menace of crime, is that of stopping the onrush of youth from enlisting with the forces of lawlessness. Every honest citizen, every agency, and every single factor of good in any community must therefore be marshaled on the front of crime prevention. First, it is necessary to inculcate in the youth of today a respect for law and order, a veneration for constituted authority. If present laws do not serve the best interests of the majority, then repeal or modify them.

In the past one of the great barriers to inculcating a respect for law and order in youth has been the fact that those charged with the enforcement of the laws, whose daily activities are symbolic of law and order, have not been able to captivate the interest and the imagination of youth. It was only a few years ago that the average youngster was secretly admiring the bank robber and the gangster because he was able to thwart the forces of law and order. Rapidly this is changing. In those communities where law-enforcement officers and public officials have made a deliberate effort to bring about a closer spirit of understanding between the personnel of their respective departments and youth a decided improvement has been noted. Every city in the country needs some such organization as a unit of the local Police Department or Sheriff's Office, designed to assist the youth in any one of a dozen different ways.

A message for you! Arrestingly the G-men's famous chief tells how we can win today's war on lawlessness

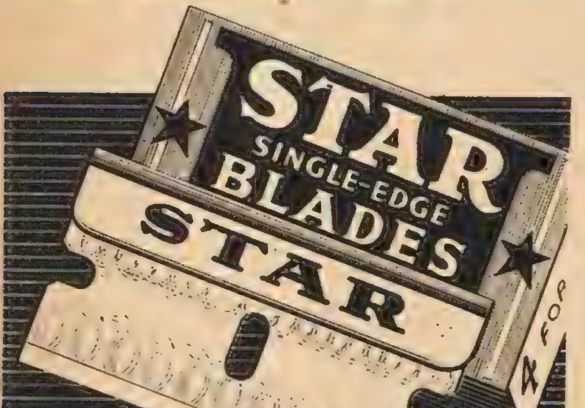
It is because criminals have been painted in the past as romantic figures, and because the rottenness of crime has been concealed, that so many young people of today have been diverted from the straight path into the tangled jungles of law infractions. Therefore a concerted effort should be made to make law enforcement romantic and to make the law-enforcement officer a human and appealing person to the youth of America. If we do this, almost overnight a greater respect for law will be the result.

Far too frequently young people look upon law-enforcement officers as merely persons who want to send them to jail. That is not the truth. Their real job is to keep boys and girls out of jail. Every policeman at heart is a friend of youth, and whenever it is necessary to send a young person to jail the honest law-enforcement official must feel that he has lost a battle.



Make officers of the law appealing to youth, says J. Edgar Hoover.

★ **It's no gamble, when you invest 10¢ in a package of Star Single-edge Blades. You'll draw ace-high shaves, every day! Famous since 1880, the super-keen edges of Star Blades are 100% uniform. 4 for 10¢.**
Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.



STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

The most notorious public enemies in the nation have grown up from petty offenders. All of them at one time or another were merely members of street-corner gangs, stealing and fighting against the law instead of trying to be with the law. So an officer never knows, when he is forced to arrest a young man, whether this is the beginning of a vicious career and whether this boy will grow up to be a murderer, a kidnaper, or a gangster. On the other hand, the officer has plenty of evidence to substantiate the conclusion that when he wins the friendship of some youth, the odds are greatly in favor of that youth being his ally.

A better understanding of what the law means, a more comprehensive knowledge of why it is necessary to have policemen and other officers, a better insight into the reasons why crimes are committed, and a greater realization of the filthy life that follows crime will do much to stop youth from becoming involved in an infraction of the law; and one of the best ways that I know of to achieve this is to bring about a closer spirit of understanding with some law-enforcement officer.

How much better it would be for the kids to spend their idle moments on a playground, with a policeman umpiring their games, or, for that matter, in the station house talking to Officer Jones or Officer Smith, than in a poolroom or a den of vice!

A few law-enforcement agencies have started Crime Prevention Bureaus, Boys' Clubs, and Pal Leagues, and they are, to my mind, excellent community investments. I hope to see the day when no town will be so small that it does not contain some organization or some body of men and women who can meet youth upon a common basis and can say to the boys and girls that they are all friends playing together.

In Washington, D. C., the Boys' Clubs sponsored by the Metropolitan Police Department have achieved notable results since their formation in 1933. In some precincts juvenile delinquency has actually decreased as much as 75 per cent. This represents constructive effort, and the expense involved in supporting these facilities is infinitesimal compared to the dividends which they will pay.

Can the crime-prevention program reach rural youth? In his final article, to appear in an early issue, Mr. Hoover faces this question—and answers it.

Only recently the Boy Scouts of America created a merit badge for fingerprinting. This project alone in the years to come will be of great assistance, because of necessity it will bring the Boy Scouts in contact not only with the Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation but with local law-enforcement agencies. And so we find the sowing of the seeds of greater respect for law and order and a better understanding thereof.

When one considers that only a small portion of a child's waking hours are spent in school, which, coupled with economic conditions, gives him a tremendous amount of leisure time, there can be little wonder that his basic human desires go uncontrolled. For only in the rare instances of diseased minds does youth commit crime out of sheer antisocial tendencies. I have witnessed case after case, and when I endeavored to put my finger on the cause behind the crime, I found that it could be explained on one of the three following grounds:

1. Youth's quest for new experiences—seeking some new thrill.
2. Youth's quest for recognition.
3. Youth's quest for security.

Far too many fathers and mothers, engrossed in surviving the economic pressure of the business world and in providing their families with the necessities of life, do not or cannot take the time to seek an understanding with their children or to direct their leisure. They do not even know what their children are doing after school and during vacations.

The youth movements of the land —the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Boys' Clubs, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., and others—have built their programs in order that they might harness the basic human desires of the young and direct the superabundant energies of youth along creative and constructive lines. The appalling fact is that these youth movements are merely scratching the surface, since, through no fault of theirs, their programs are not available to the great majority.

Every agency in a community, such as the schools and the churches, should extend its facilities, should extend its leisure-time activities, and should provide programs which are attractive and which will make youth want to participate in them.

This campaign for crime prevention cannot begin too soon. For last year 18 per cent of all persons arrested were under twenty-one years of age; and this 18 per cent accounted for 13 per cent of the murderers arrested, 28 per cent of the robbers arrested, 42 per cent of the burglars arrested, 51 per cent of the car thieves arrested, 24 per cent of the rapists arrested, and 30 per cent of the thieves arrested.

What is the answer? There is but one answer. This condition presents a national crisis, and it must be treated as such. It calls for the sacrificial efforts of all who are concerned with the future of their communities, their states, and their nation. The crime problem can be solved in the next five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, depending upon the amount of energy, the amount of interest, and the co-operation that are engendered not only among law-enforcement agencies but among citizens as well.

THE END

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

The Royal Giver

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

J. WALTER SEARLES, New York broker, met his friend the Sultan of Baltavia because the doctors advised and ordered him to drop everything, even his family, and live as a mere vegetable in a land remote from the stock tickers. In this crisis he thought of his friend and classmate Jonathan Wilton, who had become American Minister to Baltavia, that kingdom of Central Asia where, in those safe and simple days before the World War, a sultan with a harem and absolute power ruled over eight million people who had not changed their social ideas since the days of Mohammed nor their ways of life since those of Genghis Khan.

Three weeks after they exchanged cablegrams, Mr. Searles had installed himself in a cool apartment overlooking a garden fragrant with damask roses. By the third day he had forgotten he had nerves. And that night the minister suggested casually, " Let's run up to see the Sultan. He's really a lonely man. He's never got over his Eton and Oxford education. He has to be an absolute Oriental monarch all day. But he's off duty of nights. Treat him just as you would any Englishman—or American. Be yourself."

Fifteen minutes after he entered the presence of this lean graceful gentleman with his liquid brown eyes, his humorous mouth, his European clothes, and his Oriental turban, Searles had forgotten that he was facing an absolute monarch and was reeling off American stories. The Sultan came back with a few native Baltavian folk tales. He, too, was a raconteur. " I'm going to have you in often of evenings," he said, as they parted. " Royal commands, you know! " He laughed.

So at least twice a week thereafter Mr. Searles found at his door a chamberlain bearing a royal invitation disguised as an order. Sometimes they exchanged lessons in Oriental chess and American poker, sometimes they talked international politics or national customs; but mostly they swapped stories. In time, Mr. Searles found his own pack exhausted; he fell back on his memories of Mark Twain and Bill Nye. The Sultan on his part admitted that he was frankly plagiarizing from the rich store of Baltavian literature. " What does Europe know of our literature? " he exclaimed once, rather heatedly for him. " A few decadent poets, badly translated. We're a humorous people. Our real literature is hundreds of long folk tales, mostly humorous, some romantic. You've seen some of them sold as cheap pamphlets in the bazaars. Many others exist only in manuscripts. I've had scholars digging them up. And some day—" The Sultan paused here and looked for a moment the reigning monarch that he was.

Two months of this, and then returning health manifested itself in Mr. Searles. He bade farewell, regretful on both sides, to the Sultan and then began the long journey to New York.

A month after he settled down to his desk the panic of 1907 broke over Wall Street. And the next year was a fight to avert bankruptcy and to keep his precious seat in the Stock Exchange. He was just perceiving a little light ahead when, one morning, his secretary laid on his desk a notice from the customhouse. It was in receipt of a consignment for him. And the appraisers set the tariff at $3,200. Dropping everything, Mr. Searles charged for the customhouse. He found himself in the presence of a pile of boxes, and the clerk handed him a formidable letter of transmission, signed by the Sultan of Baltavia.

" I had been keeping this a surprise for you," wrote the monarch, " though once, I remember, I came near to betraying myself. Your interest in Baltavian folk tales inspired me to have all our known literature gathered and printed in two hundred volumes. And I am sending this, the first perfect impression, to you as inspirer of the idea. Let the setting I have given it serve as a poor symbol of my affection for my American friend. . . . "

Mr. Searles lifted the paper coverings from one of the volumes, inspected it. A binding of Russia leather tooled in gold. Chapter initials in hand-wrought arabesques and beautiful printing in the Arabic alphabet.

" Gosh! " said Mr. Searles aloud. " Pretty but—oh, gosh! And I can't even read the letters! "

Three thousand dollars—in that crisis when he had to juggle his affairs to meet his pay rolls on Saturday nights, it might as well be three hundred thousand. But to refuse it would seem downright boorish. Besides, he owed something to his friend Wilton, alone in Baltavia. If the gift of royalty bounced back, the Sultan would probably play fair; but his entourage would take it out on the American minister.

Suddenly light broke. He chuckled as he called up his personal attorney on the telephone. Yes, said the lawyer, the guess was a good one. The property of Uncle Sam came into the United States duty-free. Without further hesitation, Mr. Searles composed a letter which seemed to him a masterpiece of diplomacy. A publication like this, unique in the history of the world, should not remain in private hands. It should be a gift to the nation. He was therefore taking the liberty of presenting it to the Library of Congress at Washington, where for all time its beauty would be the delight of artists, its erudition the inspiration of scholars.

With a " Whoof! " of relief he laid down his pen. Three months later, Mr. Searles bounced into his office to find a frock-coated solemn secretary from the Baltavian Legation at Washington waiting for him. With the proper dignity and solemnity this functionary presented a letter spangled with royal seals, stood waiting while Mr. Searles opened it. This was the vital paragraph:

" . . . When my subjects attain to the public spirit which you have shown in your noble act, I shall feel that my work with them has not been in vain. In it I behold the soul of America which rendered your nation so eminent in the affairs of the world. Such generosity and such service to the good fame of Baltavia merits its reward. I have therefore ordered the second impression of our omnibus of Baltavian literature, bound in the same manner as that which your national library has honored me by accepting, and am sending it to you with renewed assurances of my personal friendship and esteem."

As Mr. Searles stood searching his paralyzed soul for words to express his insincere thanks to the courier of the Sultan, his secretary bustled in to deposit the morning mail. By habit, he glanced at it.

On top of the pile lay a notice from the United States Customs.

THE END

ON THE AIR

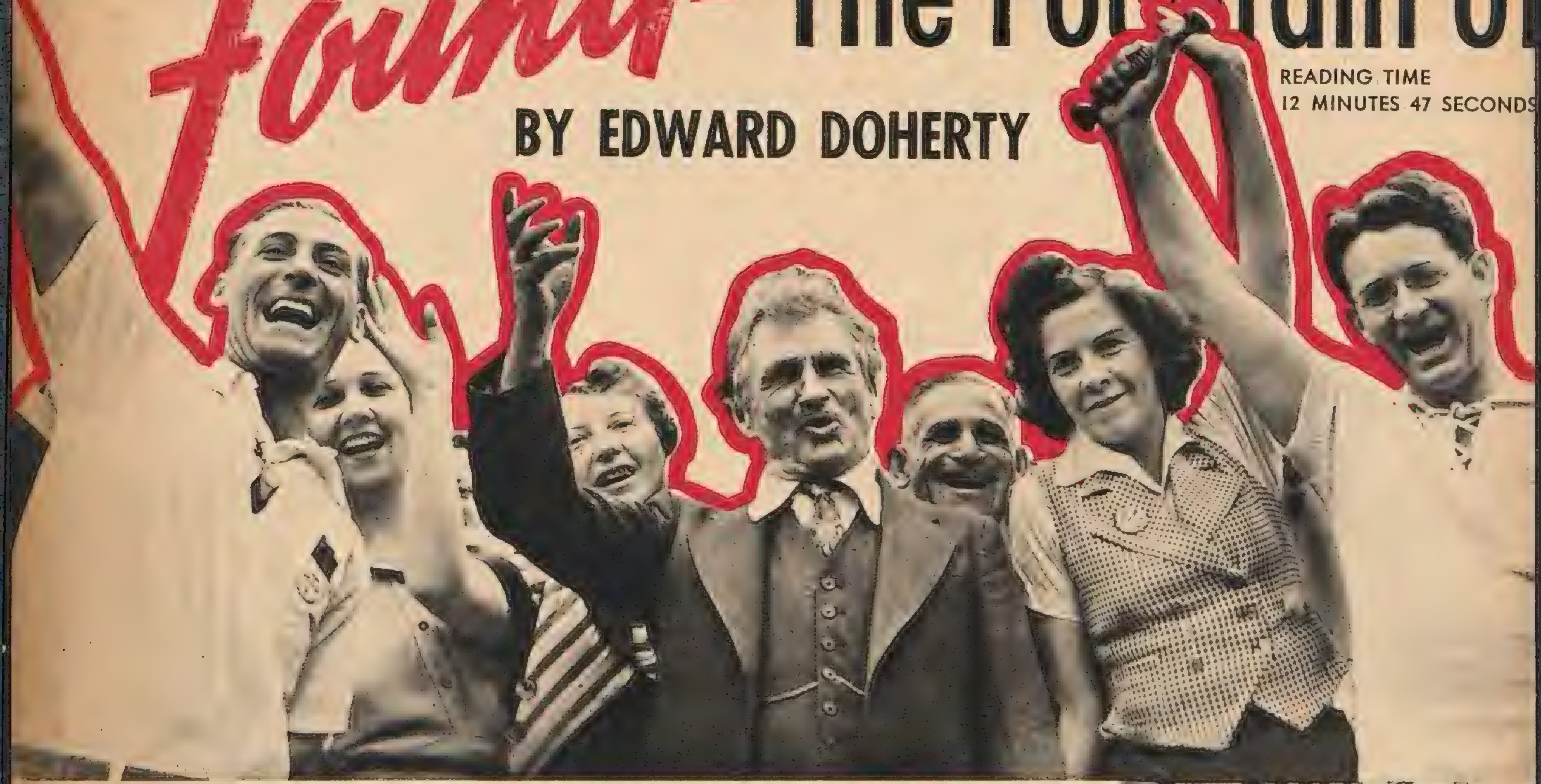
Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Found- The Fountain o

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

BY EDWARD DOHERTY



"It's a joy to walk," says Bernarr Macfadden (center), and these happy hikers agree.

I DIDN'T believe it. It was too unlike the pictures my mind had painted. It upset too many of my theories. I had expected to see a straggly line of gaunt figures limping painfully down the road, men and women leaving bloody footprints in the dust behind them, women falling and getting up and trudging heroically on again. I pictured grim, tortured, fanatic faces, swollen legs, blistered and bunioned feet.

And instead of that I found forty or fifty people walking toward me with powerful swinging strides. I found faces glowing with happiness and health, faces tanned or sunburned, young faces even on elderly men and women. They came toward me swiftly, singing.

No, I didn't believe it!

"This isn't the bunch I'm looking for," I said to the driver. "The people I want are those who have hiked all the way from Cleveland."

"These are Bernarr Macfadden's Cracked Wheat Derby hikers," the driver insisted, "whether you like it or not."

I didn't believe it until I saw Mr. Macfadden among the marchers.

I had never seen a "Cracked Wheat Derby," had never met any one who had taken part in one, had never given the hikers much thought, save to pity them. Like a hundred million and more other Americans, I avoid walking whenever I can. If I have to travel only a block or two, and the car's handy, I take the car.

The car had taken me six miles down the road to meet these people. They had hiked nineteen miles or so every day for fourteen days, and had six more to go before they reached their goal. But they looked less tired than I felt.

Cracked wheat Monday [they sang];
Cracked wheat Tuesday,
Cracked wheat Wednesday,
Cracked wheat Thursday,
Cracked wheat Friday,
Cracked wheat Saturday too!

I got out of the car and walked with the crowd—not very far—and talked to Mr. Macfadden.

"What do you think of them?" he asked me.

"It's fantastic," I said, "but they all look young; even the old men and women look young."

"They've found the Fountain of Youth," he said. "It flows out of their feet. I wish every man and woman could learn that. Nobody needs any gland transplantation, any operation, to become young again. He needs only to walk. These people are proof of that statement. Talk to some of them and you'll be convinced."

"How do you do it?" I asked one of them, when they halted about noon. "Are you all professional athletes? You're all used to walking?"

"Athletes?" he said. He roared with laughter. "That's a good one. Say, where were you when we started out? You should have seen us. You should have seen me!

"Say, a few months ago the doctors told me I might drop dead any minute. You should have seen the way my wife looked at me when she thought I wasn't looking!"

"Let me get this straight," I said. "A few months ago you were dying. Then you go on this 260-mile hike—and—"

"And get myself another fifty years of life," he interrupted. "First let me introduce myself. I'm W. G. Barnard of Warsaw, Illinois. I'm a salesman. I used to go everywhere in a car. I never took any exercise except with a knife and fork and spoon. I ate anything and everything, especially meat and potatoes and lots of white bread. I put on a lot of weight. At my heaviest I weighed 212 pounds.

"I used to get heartburn after every meal. I took

Youth

soda mints to relieve the pain. I had to have bicarbonate of soda by the handfuls, and glasses and glasses of seltzer water. I was better stocked than your corner drugstore. But I didn't get alarmed until I was refused a life-insurance policy.

"A smart young doctor put me on a diet of grated carrots, fresh-vegetable salads, and fruits—no fatty meats, butter, starch, sugar, coffee, tea, or beer, no white bread, no candy. That helped, but I found I needed exercise. So I decided to take the hike from Cleveland to Dansville.

"Man, I thought I'd die that first day. And the next. But you should have seen me a few days later, taking those mountain paths without even puffing.

"Oh, there were plenty of blisters, Charley horses, sprains, and stiffnesses along the way. But fresh air, sunshine, exercise, diet, pure water, and sound sleep cured everything. I feel like a kid again. No fooling!"

A slim young woman came running up as Mr. Barnard talked. He introduced her as Miss Flora Hanes of Akron, Ohio.

"How about you?" I asked her.

For answer she gave me two pictures. One was of a rather fat woman; the other of a slim figure in an evening gown.

Before and after! Both photos show Flora Hanes.

PHYSICAL CULTURE Health Walk
TO DANSVILLE, N.Y.
HOTEL
SPONSORED BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

The Cracked Wheat Derby hikers found health, pep, and enthusiasm between Cleveland and Dansville.

"Those are both me," she said. "You can call them 'before and after' if you want to. I've taken off ninety pounds just by walking and by eating the right kind of foods. I've had to throw away all my old clothes—or have them altered. But it's worth it. It's worth everything in the world to be healthy again! And the hike was glorious!"

"Glorious?" I couldn't help asking. "Hiking nineteen miles a day is glorious?"

"More than glorious," Miss Hanes answered. "Ask anybody. Ask that lady over there—the one putting on new stockings. She was so all in after the first day she thought her whole insides had dropped. She phoned her daughter to come and take her home. The daughter arrived the next morning, thinking her mother was near death.

"But mama had had a good sleep during the night, the first real sleep in years. And she thought she'd try it another day.

"At the end of the second day the old lady told her daughter to go home. Yesterday and today she led the march."

I asked this woman later how she felt.

"I feel that I've just begun to live," she said. "I feel that I've cheated myself for more years than I care to admit—because I didn't get out and get God's sunshine and wind and rain on me, because I didn't use the legs He gave me. I can never forgive myself for those misspent years. Why, it's like a miracle—to be so well again, to have such a hunger, such an enormous appetite, to sleep so soundly, to enjoy life so fully."

Just before the "chuck truck" pulled up, I met Edna Milligan, who claims she was much fatter than Flora Hanes ever was—before she started the march from Cleveland. Mrs. Milligan was known to the hikers as "Kate Smith," not only because of her avoirdupois but also because of her sweet singing voice.

"I weighed 222 pounds when I started this little walk," she told me. "I've lost a lot of that. Maybe thirty pounds. I can't tell exactly, for I haven't weighed myself recently. You know how I got this way? Doing lip service to my own cooking. I'm a swell cook. Rather, I used to be. I was too good a cook! But I've got new ideas now. I've found out about live foods. There are dead foods and live foods. No more dead stuff for me—no matter how wonderful it tastes.

"I've found out you can do wonders on cracked wheat. We've had cracked wheat every day on this hike. And I love it. We march so far every day. Then we get hungry and start singing 'Cracked wheat Monday, cracked wheat Tuesday.' Pretty soon up comes the truck with the cracked wheat. After a little while we're full of pep again. Pep. Energy. Strength. Enthusiasm."

The cracked-wheat truck came down the road in a cloud of dust, and everybody began to sing again.

I talked to one of the men in the truck just before he began to serve the steaming bowls.

"Did you ever see a happier bunch of people?" he asked me. "Look at them! Everybody laughing, everybody smiling, everybody crazy about everybody else. You wouldn't believe it—how they get along with each other. I mean like they all grew up together. But I never saw a meaner, grumpier, more complaining lot in my life than these same people during the first few days. They hated each other. If they hadn't been so dog tired at the end of the day that they just fell down and went to sleep, they'd have murdered each other. Have some cracked wheat?"

"No," I said.

"It won't hurt you," he assured me. "In fact it might do you some good. It's just cracked wheat, with raisins on it, and butter. And you can have brown sugar or honey, or both. Go on, try a bowl—with raisin coffee."

"What's that?"

"Raisins and hot water. One of the most delicious drinks you ever had!"

I ate the cracked wheat and drank the raisin coffee; and asked for more.

I watched the hikers as they ate and drank, and realized they were having a real picnic—realized they had had a picnic three times a day. I felt quite humble as I got back into the car and rode the six miles back to Dansville. I began to wonder whether I shouldn't walk more; take more thought as to the things I ate and drank.

But I consoled myself with the idea that perhaps this was all just a temporary thing, and that these people had been benefited as much by faith as by walking and diet. They were just kidding themselves that they had found the Fountain of Youth.

But I couldn't get away with it.

At the Physical Culture Hotel in Dansville I met two of the group who had completed the hike the day before, two of the 102 who "finished strong."

One of these was Jess Hyde of Binghamton, a man of forty-five. He was so eager to join the Cleveland hikers he walked from Binghamton to Cleveland.

"It was nothing," he said. "I did it in a week. It's 400 miles from Binghamton to Cleveland, by road map. The way I went it was a little more than 350 miles."

Only a little more than 350 miles! He made it in a week! And then took it easy with the Cleveland hikers. Six hundred and ten miles in three weeks!

"I didn't want to be on the road Memorial Day," he said. "Too much traffic. So I got up at four o'clock one morning and walked thirty-two hours straight. I covered 105 miles in that time."

"You didn't stop to eat?"

"Nope. I just took a little orange juice now and then, or a little water when my lips were dry."

"You've hiked before?"

"Oh, yes. This is my third hike with Mr. Macfadden."

"Tell me," I said. "What do you get out of it? Have you really benefited?"

WELL," Mr. Hyde answered, after some thought, "let me give you an example of how I've benefited from walking—and proper diet. I've never been sick since I started walking—I mean walking long distances. I've never even had a cold. And last winter, when I got caught in the elevator machinery on the roof of the Security Mutual Building in Binghamton, I suffered a very slight injury when I should have been killed.

"I got pulled into the cable drum before I knew what was happening. My hand was crushed to a pulp; but I had strength enough to pull it out. One of my fingers didn't come with the rest of the hand—but you can't save everything in circumstances like that.

"I made a tourniquet, walked downstairs, and several blocks to a doctor's office. On the way to the hospital I stopped at the building, so I could notify the office that I was hurt and would be off the job for a day or two.

"My hand was crushed, and I was bruised all over. I had lost a lot of blood, and naturally I was suffering from shock. But I was in the hospital only six days. If I hadn't been a walker I couldn't have stood all that."

Then I met Dave Power of Los Angeles. David Will Power. He's forty-six. He gained a reputation among the hikers because on the last day of the hike he ran about nineteen miles in one hour and fifty minutes, and came in breathing naturally. It was his custom to run a mile or two after the daily hike—"just for fun."

Mr. Power styles himself "a hundred-per-cent raw vegetarian, and an ardent believer in nuts, fruits, grains, and vegetables, sunshine, and outdoor exercise."

"I make it a practice to run nine hours every week," he said, "and to take at least two twenty-five to thirty-mile hikes a week. I have walked over Mount Hollywood several times without a change of pace. It's about 1,600 feet high. My blood pressure was 136 when I started, 138 when I finished. I finished with a sprint.

"I once climbed Mount Shasta, which is nearly 15,000 feet high and has an 80-per-cent grade near the top. I met eighteen or twenty CCC boys at the bottom of the mountain. They were preparing to climb the peak, too—kids of eighteen or nineteen. They told me to go on ahead, so I couldn't be a drag on them. They'd catch up to me.

"They were eating when I joined them. They were eating meat and white bread and heavy truck like that. And how they howled when I put some balls of garlic in my juicer! That's all I put into my stomach—a little garlic juice and a spoonful of honey mixed in it.

"I started ahead, and stayed ahead. I got to the top an hour and thirty minutes before any of them arrived. And only three of them arrived."

I said, "Marvelous! But why? Do you take these hikes and these long runs just for the fun of it? Or because you think it'll bring back your lost youth?"

"I'm a World War veteran," he answered. "I was gassed and wounded in the war. I developed pulmonary tuberculosis. The tops of both lungs were affected. That's why I started outdoor exercising. That's why I started eating nothing but live foods.

"And if you think it didn't bring back my youth, you're crazy! I have perfect control of my breath now. I can walk. I can run. I can do a standing marathon—taking 180 steps to the minute and keeping it up for two hours and a half—without breathing heavily. I have no more t.b. than a granite cliff."

His words made me wonder if I wasn't foolish not to take up walking. I'm not getting any younger. I could do with a little of the zest and endurance and health I observed in the Macfadden hikers. I could use a lot of that youth they found as they hiked through the glory of the American countryside.

I mentioned something of this to Mr. Macfadden.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The more miles you walk, the more days you will enjoy. By all means, get out and walk. Tell all your friends to walk. Tell all Americans to walk. How I'd love to see this country on its feet!

"Walking is a superb physician. It'll take all the surplus fat out of your body—and out of your mind too. It'll build muscle and sinew. It'll build stamina, character, strength, beauty of body and soul.

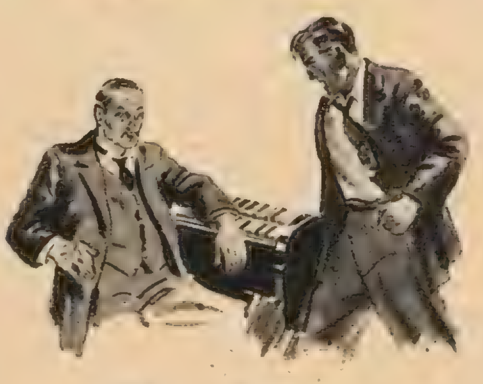
"But it's such a simple, natural remedy that most people will scorn it. They think it's tiring to walk. Well, it is—until you get used to it. After that it's a joy.

"I've been preaching the gospel of walking for half a century; and finally I'm getting somewhere. This year we had the largest class of hikers. One hundred and twelve started. One hundred and two finished. Next year I hope to have twice or three times as many. You're cordially invited to come with us."

"Thanks," I said. But I said it with a mental reservation. I don't think I've got the guts to do it.

THE END

★ Two-Minute Story ★



The Organ

THE last resort was the church. The three dicks were close now, and Johnny had only two bullets left in his gun. If they caught him . . . He ran to the church door and crept into the semidarkness.

It was empty. No, some one was playing the organ. In a minute Johnny was up the stairs and confronting the seated figure with his gun. His voice rasped out:

"I'm going behind the organ, see? Right up where them pipes are, and I'm going to keep this aimed at yuh guts. When they come up, yuh keep right on playin'—see?—and yuh tell them yuh seen no one come in."

He saw the horror in the man's eyes, and then he crept behind the pipes. The hollow notes, soft and vibrant as they were, pounded in his ears as he waited.

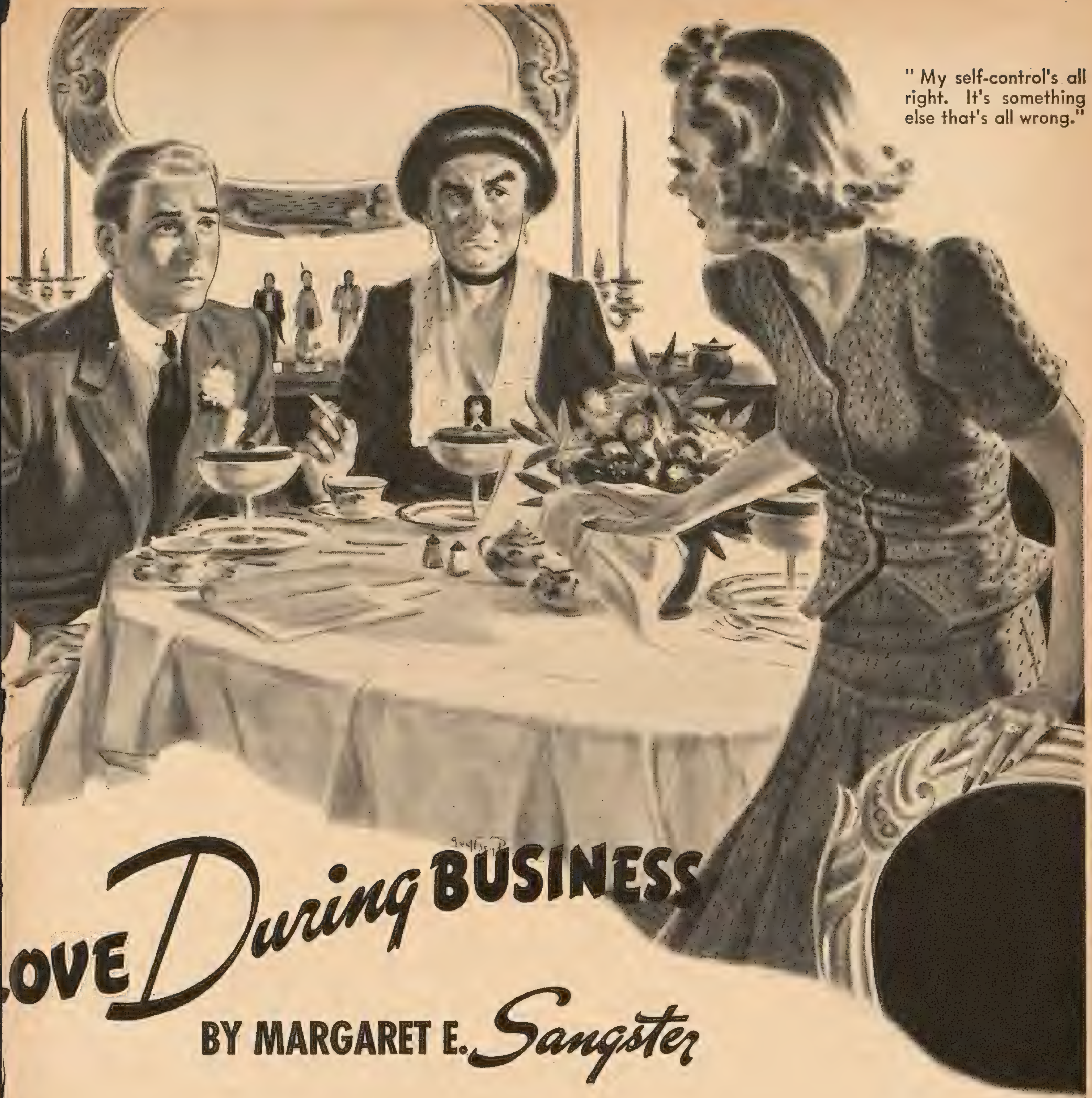
He heard voices below, and then they were in the loft. He kept his eyes riveted on the man at the organ.

"No," the man was saying, "ain't seen no one—not a soul, and I've been here all afternoon."

Behind the shining columns Johnny smiled faintly. Then suddenly he cried out in sheer physical torture. Like a clap of terrible thunder, the pipes had burst into screaming sound. The man at the organ was pounding his fingers across the white keys. Johnny dropped his gun and clapped his hands over his ears. He stood frozen, until suddenly the organ stopped and two hands reached in and roughly dragged him out.—*William Oberon.*

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.



" My self-control's all right. It's something else that's all wrong."

LOVE *During* BUSINESS

BY MARGARET E. *Sangster*

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

Clouds lift, and two young hearts ride out the storm, as a searching story ends

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LUNCHEON that day, with Mrs. Gillespie and her son, was not a happy affair. But Janet stuck it out—fortified a trifle by a ponderous wink that Ellen delivered over her mistress' head.

The conversation was nil so far as Janet was concerned, but Paul and his mother seemed to have plenty to talk about. They spoke in terms of orders and shipments and invoices, and Janet heard the word doodad repeated so many times that she had a childish desire to throw her plate on the floor and scream.

"I feel like an outsider," she said finally. "All this is beyond me."

"You *are* an outsider," Mrs. Gillespie told her. "That is—as far as Doodads, Incorporated, is concerned. In other ways, of course—" She paused significantly.

Swiftly Janet filled the pause with words. "I'd like it awfully well if I might have a part in the business," she said. "I was your secretary once, Mrs. Gillespie. Mayn't I take over the secretarial duties again?"

Mrs. Gillespie murmured, "Oh, my dear! If you need pocket money I'll give you an allowance."

With a flush creeping up from her chin to her very hairline, Janet spoke: "I don't want to be your secretary *for money*. I just want to help out in some way. I could take care of Paul's filing, and I could type your letters."

Paul spoke eagerly. "It sounds like a swell idea, mater," he told the majestic woman at the head of the table. "Your new secretary's an awful fuddy-duddy."

Mrs. Gillespie smiled. "Naughty

For Tired FEET

Cooling and Soothing as a MOUNTAIN STREAM

To get blessed relief from the discomforts of tired, aching feet, do this: Soak the feet five minutes in warm water. Dry and rub them vigorously with Mentholatum. Remove any surplus with a rough towel and dust with talcum powder. You will be delighted with the comfort and relaxation.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

CLEAN UP DANDRUFF

Lucky Tiger
"HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DANDRUFF is a menace to hair growth. Lucky Tiger cleans it up and stops that miserable scalp itching. Costs little at all good druggists or barbers.

boy. My new secretary is most efficient and"—she hesitated ever so slightly—"trustworthy. . . . Janet, if the time hangs heavy on your hands you should take up needlework."

Janet said crossly, "I hate to sew," but her mother-in-law smiled with a benign sweetness.

"We often," she said, "learn to love things that we thought were hateful. Paul dear, let's go back to the office. I want your advice on that address I'm going to make to the Federation of Business Women—"

Janet, left alone at the luncheon table, with Paul's hasty farewell kiss deposited upon the crown of her head, doggedly finished her pudding.

THAT first luncheon was the forerunner of many luncheons and an equal number of dinners. Janet—her fighting spirit aroused—made a point of joining Paul and his mother at their midday and evening meals. They became bloodless battlefields over which Janet and her mother-in-law waged mental but nonetheless guerrilla warfare. Janet was reminded subtly, and on every occasion, that she wasn't to the manor—pardon us, to the penthouse—born! There were long, veiled dissertations on marriages in haste which young folk—and their parents—learned to repent at leisure.

When Mrs. Gillespie had theater or concert tickets, she always, and very elaborately, asked Janet's permission to borrow Paul. Once, when Janet suggested shyly that she also would like to have an evening fling, her mother-in-law raised scandalized hands. "The night air," she said. "Oh, my child—the night air!"

Janet wept many a bitter tear into the loneliness of her pillow—but, despite tears, her pride was beginning to assert itself; and that was bad. If she had walked across a single wide corridor when the penthouse was wrapped in slumber, if she had crept into Paul's room and thrown her arms around him, it might have ironed out every difficulty. But she told herself, through sobs, "It's his business to come to me."

And Paul, listening to the wind wail outside *his* window, also heard his mother's voice saying, "Poor dear Janet! Excitement—any excitement—might precipitate a collapse." And so Paul couldn't make the first advance, either. . . .

A break had to come—and it was inevitable that it should happen at the luncheon table. Janet had talked feverishly of the weather and the new living-room draperies. But Paul had been distrait and his mother had very obviously not listened to any of Janet's remarks. So it wasn't any wonder that Janet suddenly found herself shouting: "What's the matter with you both? Have you lost your hearing?"

Paul was on his feet and over to her side of the table. His face was scared.

"Darling," he cried, "are you ill again?"

Janet felt a sharp stinging sensation behind her eyelids. "I've been talking and talking," she said in her natural tone, "and nobody paid the slightest attention."

Paul patted her shoulder gently. "Pipe down, honey," he said. "Mother and I are preoccupied, that's all. . . . Mother's planning a new advertising presentation, and the factory has sent up some chap to rationalize it, and we're wondering what we'll tell him."

Mrs. Gillespie said, "Don't bother to explain, Paul—Janet wouldn't understand. The poor child's a bundle of nerves."

Janet asked, "Why shouldn't I be a bundle of nerves? I'm always on the outside, looking in." She pushed back her chair, flung her damask napkin. "I don't want any more luncheon. Will you excuse me, please?"

Mrs. Gillespie murmured, "Why, of course, Janet. And after this maybe you'd better have your luncheons alone—that is, until you regain your self-control!"

"My self-control's all right," said Janet. "It's something else that's all wrong."

"I'll take you to your room, Janet," Paul said. But Mrs. Gillespie shook her head warningly.

"No, Paul," she said; "you mustn't do any such thing. . . . It's better that Janet should work out of this spell alone."

"Yes," said Janet evenly; "it's much better." She walked to the door. "But I'll be here for dinner," she said, like a precocious child, from the threshold. "You'll see. You can't lose me!"

It was an idle boast. A very idle one.

WALKING down the hall, away from the dining room, Janet found that she was beating her hands together softly. "Maybe there *is* something phony about me," she said aloud. "Maybe I had more than the flu. But why must they treat me as if it were leprosy? Perhaps"—a thought struck her—"*I have leprosy.*"

A voice spoke from the dimmest corner of the hall.

"You haven't," said the voice; "I'll vouch for that. I saw a leper once, and he didn't look— What on earth are you doing here, Miss Carraway?"

Janet's hands dropped limply to her sides. She hadn't realized that the hall was occupied.

She asked, "Who's there?" in a faint, quavering voice, and then all at once she was laughing. "Why, Mr. Kent!" she ejaculated. "Who let you in?"

Alfred Kent was starting forward. "It was a lady in a cap and apron who looked a little like Bill Hart—or his horse. Anyway, I asked the question first."

Janet stared at her ex-employer. "I live here," she said simply.

"Whew!" whistled Alfred. After a moment he said, "I didn't know that your husband was one of *the* Gillespies." He came striding toward her, down a length of dull red Persian carpet. "Even so," he said, "there was no reason for you to get snooty. You might have dropped in at the office instead of sending me a curt little telegram. . . . If it's any comfort to you, my present helper has claustrophobia and an astigmatism."

"She sounds charming," said Janet. And then she was laughing so hard that she shook all over.

Alfred Kent's voice seemed to come from a great distance. "Stop that!" he ordered. "Stop it, you idiot—you're having hysterics."

Janet's hand was pressing against her throat. "It's so stuffy in here—all these curtains; I need air. I'm going on to the terrace."

"I'll come along to see that you don't blow away," said Alfred, and almost before she knew it Janet was on the terrace with this strange young man who had so briefly played an important part in her life.

"When I'm rich," he told Janet, "I'm going to have a dump like this. . . . Maybe this Gillespie account will make me rich."

A BLINDING light struck Janet. "Oh," she cried, "you're the advertising man they are expecting—" Her voice grew puzzled. "How does it happen that my husband let his mother hire you?"

Alfred laughed. "Take it from me—I don't think your husband knows a thing about the hiring," he said. "They sent me up from the factory, at the request of the lady boss."

"I see," mused Janet. "When did you get the account?"

Alfred told her, "Yesterday." He grinned. "I didn't pass out any orchids to the new girl, either. I've learned sense. You taught me a lesson."

Janet said slowly, "I can teach other people lessons but I can't do a darned thing for myself." All at once she was crying again. "I never learn a darn thing!"

Alfred Kent's voice was no longer flippant; it had taken on a timbre.

"Young lady," he said, "you're close to the end of your rope. . . . Let's go over and sit down on that marble bench. Then you can tell poppa the whole story."

Janet allowed herself to be led benchward, but—when she was seated beside the young advertising man—she found that she had very few words to say.

"There's really nothing to tell poppa," she explained brokenly. "I'm just a poor false alarm and I've made a mess of things. I married a darling boy—with a mother. It amounts to just that."

"Mother-in-law stuff, eh?" muttered Alfred Kent. "Why don't you kick the old lady in the pants?"

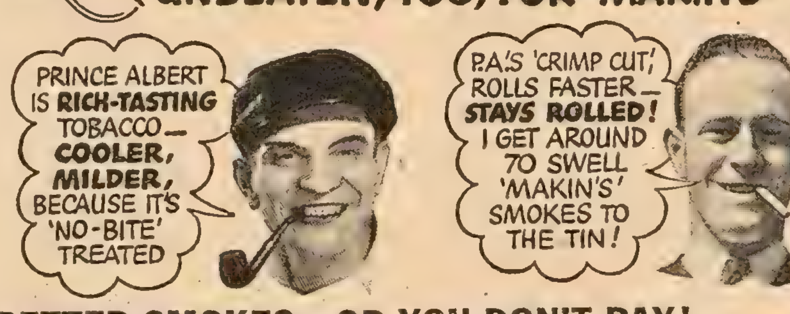
The thought of kicking Mrs. Gillespie in the pants sent Janet into a burst of wild mirth that terminated in a fresh fit of crying.

Alfred Kent put his arm around her firmly.

"This," he said, "is not affection

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
AT LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE
COUSIN EDGAR CERTAINLY SHOWS US A GRAND TIME WHEN WE VISIT HIS CAMP DOESN'T HE, CHUBBINS ?
YES, AND I'M ALL EXCITED ABOUT YOUR BEING THE CHIEF AND I THE PRINCESS, IN THE CAMP COUNSELLOR'S PLAY TODAY!
HELLO, UNCLE! HELLO, CHUBBINS! HURRY AND GET INTO YOUR COSTUMES. WE'RE ALMOST READY TO START
AT COUSIN EDGAR'S CAMP
HAIL, CHIEF SHINING WATERS. I BEAR MESSAGES OF PEACE FROM OUR TRIBE TO YOURS
LET US DISCUSS PEACE, BRAVE WARRIOR. I AM WEARY OF OUR ETERNAL WARFARE
FATHER, HE IS HANDSOME. I AM PLEASED
A PLAY BASED ON AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND
LAST ACT:
AND NOW, CHIEF SHINING WATERS, WE HAVE MADE THE PEACE. TO KEEP IT FAITHFULLY AND LASTINGLY, I ASK YOU FOR THE HAND OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS
MY DAUGHTER SMILES, AND IT IS WELL WITH ME TOO. BE IT SO. WELCOME, SON, INTO OUR TRIBE
I AM GRATEFUL AND HAPPY. I HUMBLY OFFER YOU THIS GIFT OF OUR FINEST TOBACCO FOR THE PEACE-PIPE
CONGRATULATIONS, JUDGE, YOU MAKE A GRAND INDIAN CHIEF
WELL, SIR, I CAN SEE YOUR GUIDING HAND BEHIND THE PRINCE ALBERT FOR THAT PEACE-PIPE
AFTER THE PLAY.....
JUDGE, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE, THAT FOR A PEACEFUL, FRIENDLY SMOKE, THERE'S NOTHING TO BEAT PRINCE ALBERT!
RIGHT YOU ARE. IT'S REALLY SURPRISING HOW SUCH A MILD TOBACCO AS P.A. CAN BE SO RICH-TASTING AS WELL
PRINCE ALBERT

"AND IN THIS CORNER....
THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PIPE TOBACCO"
(UNBEATEN, TOO, FOR "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES)


PRINCE ALBERT IS RICH-TASTING TOBACCO—COOLER, MILDER, BECAUSE IT'S 'NO-BITE' TREATED
P.A.'S 'CRIMP CUT,' ROLLS FASTER—STAYS ROLLED! I GET AROUND 70 SWELL 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TO THE TIN!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OZ. TIN
SO MILD—SO TASTY
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

BETTER SMOKES—OR YOU DON'T PAY!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"

Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER — For a real trial bottle, send 10¢ to Zonite, 818 New Brunswick, N. J.

ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

Advertisements Guaranteed

Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 2738-H, ELMIRA, N. Y.

—don't get me wrong, baby! I'd do the same for any lost puppy! . . . Do you know, I believe you'd be more comfortable if you'd put your head on my shoulder."

"This isn't affection, either," Janet said as she deposited her head upon the indicated spot. She smiled, and Alfred Kent said, "By gosh, I'm relieved! I was afraid that—among other items—you'd lost your dimple."

After that it was easy.

JANET hadn't talked so much for a good many years. The fact that Alfred Kent didn't say anything—that he didn't even offer advice—was a comfort. He only mumbled once, "Poor kid," and on another occasion, "What a woman!"

It was only at the end of twenty crowded minutes that Janet felt the stirring of a premonition.

"Alfred," she said, "there's something queer about this! Ellen let you in and she must have announced you to Mrs. Gillespie. But nobody has shown the slightest interest in whether you're alive or dead."

"Oh, I doubt that," said Alfred Kent easily. "I'm pretty important. But seeing as this is a new account, I'd better go and interview the big cheese. Would you mind taking your head off my shoulder, woman?"

Janet's composure was back again.

"I'd mind very much," she sighed as she removed her head and sat upright. "How about your arm?"

Alfred Kent told her, "It was getting cramped, anyway." He added, very seriously, "Do you know, Janet, I like you. I hope you make the grade. Harpoon your man, I mean, and keep him."

"I hope I do," said Janet, with a slight chuckle. "But if I don't, will you give me my job again?"

"I might," said Alfred carefully. "I might." Much to Janet's surprise, he leaned over and took her face between his two hands and peered deeply into her eyes.

"I'd rather," he said a trifle thickly, "have it work out *your* way."

Janet started to speak. Heaven knows what she would have said if a not too discreet cough hadn't interrupted her. She felt Alfred's hands slither away as they both whirled to face an Ellen whose air of reproach was so thick that it was painful.

"The madam," said Ellen slowly, "has sent for you."

Alfred Kent shrugged. Even at a tense moment he could be casual. "It's about time that she sent for me," he said. "I've been bored to death out here."

Ellen sniggered and the air of reproach dropped away.

"It isn't you she sent for," said Ellen. "You're to come back tomorrow. You're to come in the morning, early. The missus wants to see *you*"—she indicated Janet—"now. She's in the drawing room." . . .

When Janet walked into the drawing room, Mrs Gillespie was seated on the divan, smoking. Her eyes were heavy-lidded and hard.

She came swiftly to the point. "I was watching through the window," she said. "I saw—enough . . . Poor Paul!"

Janet was not exactly surprised—she had expected a crisis of some sort.

"There wasn't anything to see!" she exclaimed. "Alfred Kent and I were only talking. I had a job with him once, and we had a lot to talk about."

Mrs. Gillespie laughed. "You must think I'm very dull," she said. "But certainly I knew you had worked for Mr. Kent! That's why I gave him—a contract."

"You would do something like that," said Janet. "If you please, Mrs. Gillespie," she added, "if we're going to have any sort of—of scene, Paul should be here."

Mrs. Gillespie said languidly, "I rather imagined that you *would* ask for Paul—that's why I sent him out for a walk." Her pause was fraught with meaning. "Paul needed a brisk walk after—after being given what is vulgarly called an eyeful."

Janet asked, suddenly breathless, "Did Paul see me on the terrace—with Alfred?" and Mrs. Gillespie answered:

"Of course . . . I don't have to tell you what he thought—or do I?"

Janet's hands were once more beating softly one against the other. "When," she asked, "is Paul coming back? I've got to see him. I've got to explain."

Mrs. Gillespie laughed and said, "I doubt if Paul really desires an explanation. In fact, he said that I was to take care of matters—*in my own way.*"

Janet stared at her mother-in-law. She told herself that Mrs. Gillespie was a serpent. Her eyes were so cold and there was something so sleek about her.

YOU'RE lying," she articulated very distinctly. "Paul wouldn't take your word against mine!"

Mrs. Gillespie told her, "Paul will take my word—and the evidence of his own eyes—against anything you can say. My son's not a fool—"

Janet, with her mind in a torment, couldn't help wondering how it had really looked—as seen through a window and without words. Her head on Alfred's shoulder, his arm around her. She said achingly:

"This interview between us is over, Mrs. Gillespie. I'm going to my room to wait until Paul is home."

She rose and started toward the door, but Mrs. Gillespie's voice stopped her. It was as biting as the lash of a whip.

"Come back," commanded Mrs. Gillespie. "Sit down." And Janet, almost without her own volition, came back and seated herself in a stiff carved chair.

Mrs. Gillespie snubbed out her cigarette before she spoke.

"I've been waiting, Janet," she said. "Waiting ever since you took advantage of your position and married my son. . . . Well, I think that my waiting has been rewarded at last." She lighted another cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Curiously enough," she went on, "I'm going to make you a proposition—a good one. After you've divorced Paul I'll give your Alfred all of my business. You'll be able to live very well on the commissions."

Janet was stunned. "Alfred's nothing to me," she said, "and Paul is—my husband!"

"He won't be—not for long," said Leonora Gillespie. "And you'll be better off if *you* divorce *him*, Janet—without any unnecessary conversation or any — bitterness. . . . Really, you'll stand to gain by it—" Her voice grew eager. "If you will leave now," she said, "before he comes home from his walk, I'll give you a nice check. And I'll see that you get a fine—settlement—"

All at once Janet was on her feet. She crossed the room and stood above her mother-in-law. Although she was a small girl, she seemed to tower.

"You're a fiend!" she cried, her clenched hands tight against her breast. "How can you be so selfish, Mrs. Gillespie? You've lived *your* life. Why are you trying to wreck mine?"

Mrs. Gillespie laughed, and her laughter took the wind out of Janet's sails. "You little upstart," she said—"you never had any life to be wrecked!"

Janet wasn't towering any more—she was drooping. And yet, strangely, the words that came from her lips were strong and vivid and to the point. She said:

"You and your doodads! Mrs. Gillespie, you've reduced everything under heaven to a doodad! You've made love a doodad, and honor a doodad, and faith a doodad. You've made your own son a doodad. And you sit on your throne like the god of all the doodads in the universe, and you pull strings, and we dance—" Her voice broke. "You don't have to pay me to leave, and Paul doesn't have to give me a settlement."

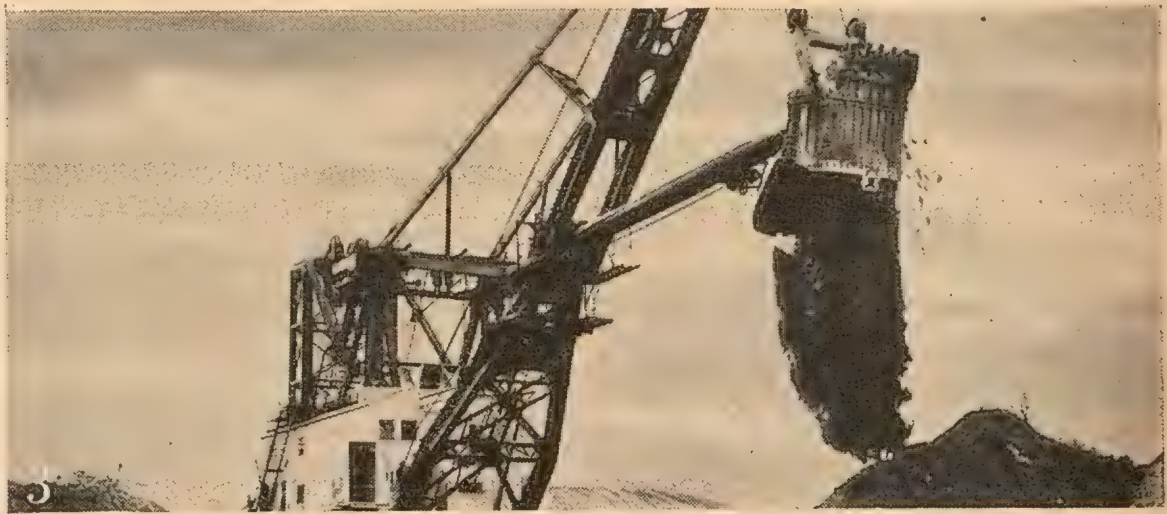
She turned swiftly and walked from the room. Her coat and little felt hat were lying on a bench in the hall—and their presence did not astonish her. She snatched them and, as if in a dream, she was out of the penthouse door, was in the outer hall, and was stabbing, with a tense finger, at the bell of the elevator.

WHEN Janet left the Gillespie apartment, her feet turned automatically in the direction of her dingy little flat. She found herself praying that it hadn't been leased to any one else, hoping that at least this remnant of her existence would remain unchanged.

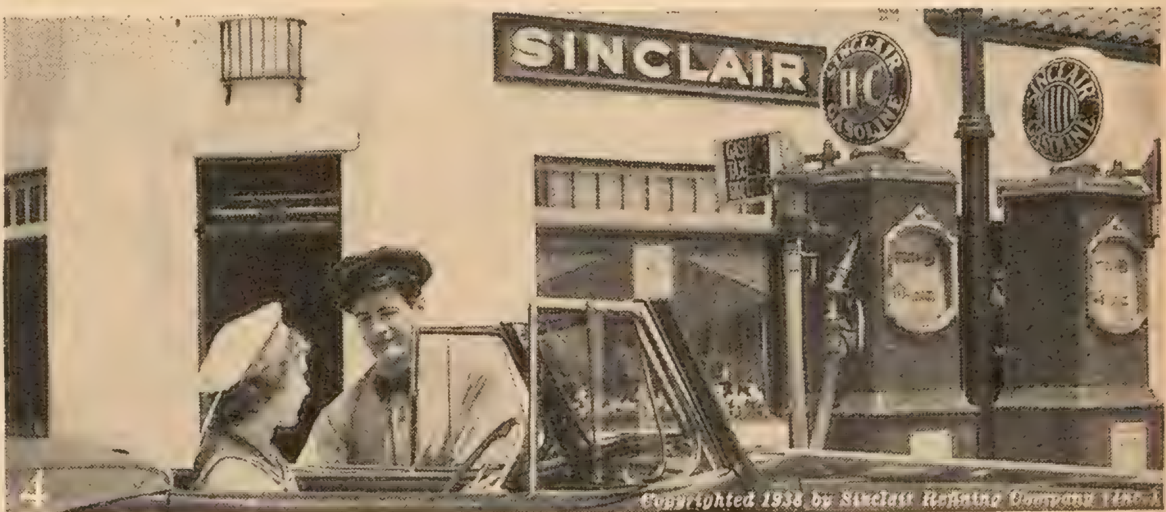
The distance was not long as measured in blocks. It was an observation that she'd made before. But as she walked rapidly along Janet knew that she was eliminating something far more tremendous than any number of city blocks. She was going back to her old status. She was husband-

Betty Grable, star in the Paramount Picture, "Give Me A Sailor", is . . .

. . . dwarfed by the 1250-ton electric shovel operated at the new Buckheart Mine of the United Electric Coal Companies, Dunfermline, Ill. This huge shovel and . . .



. . . other equipment at the mine are Sinclair-lubricated. You benefit from Sinclair's vast lubrication experience when you . . .



. . . have your car lubricated by your nearby Sinclair dealer. Ask him to show you his special lubrication chart for your car. You'll like the way he treats you.

"SUNBURNED HAIR" NEEDS WILDROOT WITH OIL

BETTER LOOKING HAIR in half a minute! Relieve dryness . . . bring new lustre to sun-dried hair. Use Wildroot-with-Oil . . . the famous Wildroot Hair Tonic formula *plus* pure vegetable oil. Grooms hair, removes dandruff, helps check premature baldness. At all drug counters and barbers. For generous trial bottle, send 10c coin or stamps. Wildroot, Dept. G-7, Buffalo, N. Y. or Fort Erie, Ont.

WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

The **Physical Culture Health Resort**

. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession —spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

Dansville, New York, U. S. A.

L 8-6

less, without funds, and on her own.

"Oh, Paul should have asked for my side of the story!" she murmured as she climbed the brownstone steps that led to the door of the rooming-house. "He should have asked to hear my side of it!"

The janitor's wife, answering her ring, was unfeignedly glad to see Janet. No, the room wasn't rented. In fact, the rent had been paid several months in advance—by, she thought, a lady.

Janet—moving through a fog—didn't realize until much, much later that the several months' payment had been made in anticipation of just such an event, by a woman who never forgot any detail. Now she didn't realize anything. She only went wearily back to the room that faced on a blank wall, and crept in.

The room held some semblance of order, although she had vacated it so suddenly. The bed was made and the scrap basket had been emptied. Janet saw that a neat pile of letters lay upon the little table. She thumbed idly through them before she shrugged out of her hat and coat. They were mostly circulars and advertisements. There was one letter—how it tugged at her heart!—addressed to Paul. In the upper left-hand corner of it she glimpsed the engraved name of a great architectural firm that Paul had contacted when he was in the first fine frenzy of job-hunting.

"I might as well open it," said Janet to herself. "It can't be forwarded—not very well—"

SHE slit the envelope with a slow, meditative finger and read the letter, and then she began to laugh. Laughter was easy to manage this afternoon—perhaps because it was so closely allied to grief. Certainly the letter wasn't very mirth-provoking. It said briefly that somebody who signed himself by the name of Cunningham hadn't been quite able to forget Paul's plans for a model bungalow, and that if those plans were so adhesive they must be good. The writer suggested that Paul drop around and discuss a permanent position. . . . Janet, noting the date, saw that the letter had been written only the week before.

"If Paul were with me," she thought, through her tense, unhumorous laughter, "it wouldn't be too late! He could get a job and we could start all over—just as we planned. He wouldn't be first assistant doodad in a sea of other doodads. He'd be a *man* . . ." She choked on the laughter. "If Paul were only with me," she sobbed aloud, "it wouldn't be too late! I could explain things—I know I could—and he'd have his chance. . . . *Oh, if Paul were only with me—*"

And then, miraculously, the door opened, and he was.

THAT night they had dinner together in one of the fifty-cent table d'hôtes. They hadn't much money. But, even so, Janet let Paul buy her a twenty-five-cent bunch of violets and they ordered a bottle of Chianti.

"We'll drink Ellen's health—" grinned Paul.

Janet asked tremulously—the wonder of it all was with her yet: "Why Ellen's?" And Paul explained:

"It was Ellen who tipped me off to the whole racket when I came home from an errand that mother had—manufactured. I'll tell you all about it later. . . . No, Jannie, of course I didn't see you on the porch with Kent. And if I had seen you I wouldn't have run away like a cock-eyed schoolboy. More than likely I'd have knocked the bozo down." He squeezed Janet's hand under the dingy tablecloth. "Say, isn't it fun to be together again?"

Together again. But for how long?

Janet asked cautiously: "How did your mother take it? Did you promise her anything?" And Paul said, "She didn't take it, and I didn't make a single promise. I didn't even see her, darling. I left a note saying good-by. It seemed better that way."

Better that way. . . . Janet, her fingers clutched tight in Paul's, was staring over his head. Apparently her gaze was fixed upon blank space; but really she was seeing an overstuffed room, with a woman, heavy-lidded and self-confident, seated on a divan. She was seeing a woman growing more heavy-lidded and more self-confident. Smoking more. Talking more, when she had an audience. Dining alone, save only when she was entertaining clients or her reluctant factory staff. A woman who—through her own fault—would grow old without either children or grandchildren to gather around and laugh away the shadows. . . . A woman rich, but not nearly as rich as two young people who loved each other and were starting out together to fight a good fight and win a just reward.

Janet sighed, and Paul said: "A penny for 'em, darling. That is, if they're worth a penny."

Janet started. "I was just thinking that I'm dreadfully sorry for—"

But Paul brazenly leaned across the table and finished the sentence with a kiss.

"I'll see that you never have anything to be sorry for again," said Paul. "We'll let it go at that!"

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **WATERWAY** by Eleanor Dark. The Macmillan Company.

A broad realistic canvas on which are painted sixteen characters who unfold, interweave, and dramatically affect one another in the course of a day.

A Lady Is Amused

Miss Sullavan delicately, compellingly enacts a bittersweet romance of 1917—The bewitching beat of the Temple feet is heard in the land again

By RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE SHOPWORN ANGEL

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, Nat Pendleton, Alan Curtis, Sam Levene, Eleanor Lynn, Charles D. Brown. Screen play by Waldo Salt, based on a story by Dana Burnet. Directed by H. C. Potter. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 60 minutes.

TENDER, yet highly sophisticated, is The Shopworn Angel, blessed as it is with such a delicate, sweetly humorous performance by Margaret Sullavan as to be lifted into the distinction and importance of living character portrayal.

The husky-voiced Sullavan is a temperamental, passionate, bitter actress involved in an affair with her debonair and charming manager, Walter Pidgeon. The film opens on that day in 1917 when America entered the World War. To Margaret this means only the annoyance of loud bands passing under her windows and noisy crowds impeding her passage in the streets. In traffic, her car knocks down James Stewart, a cowboy from Texas, en route overseas. He takes one look at Margaret and her wise eyes see his heart stand still. It amuses her to bedazzle him, to let him see her at the theater, to saunter on his arm past his gaping pals and glorify him thereby. She ignores what this will do to such a simple, idealistic boy. She keeps right on enjoying Mr. Pidgeon while amusing herself with the youthful Jimmy. The bittersweet ending is as affecting as a love song crooned in a minor key.

Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart in a scene from The Shopworn Angel.

The three principals are each of them compelling and very real in their respective performances, with Miss Sullavan so bringing the role of the girl up to the ranks of art that you will remember her and her story with understanding fondness for months after the film has faded away.

VITAL STATISTICS: Margaret Sullavan's smaller than she looks on screen, straightforward, shamless, considered just about Hollywood's highest-powered emotional bundle. Once married to Henry Fonda, she's now married to socialitic Leland Heyward, Hollywood agent and art dilettante. She hates interviews, is not a voluble person, talks in an amusing light vein always. . . . James Stewart was looking over some 1917 newsreels for training-camp stuff in this and whooped suddenly. Turned out he spotted his father, a war captain, in one of them. Saw his father as he was when 21. James went to Princeton; says all he learned there was to play the accordion. Always takes that squeezebox to parties and entertains. He's still in a state of unmarried bliss, living with Megger Joshua Logan and Gerard, of the General Electric, Swopes, in a Brentwood house. Does the cooking for the trio. . . . To prove to stunt men that it could be done without undue neck-risking, Megger Potter drove a team of six hosses through a battle scene without losing a shoe, much to everybody's amazement. Potter teamstered a six-hoss affair for the Wall Brothers Circus. He also did a 100-ft. slide in that carnival scene head-first to show Margaret Sullavan it was cinchy. Got only a neck burn. . . . Many of those soldiers in the training camp are ex-service men; all became unofficial scene kibitzers, almost drove set workers nuts with their boner finding. . . . Walt Pidgeon plays a draft dodger in this, was actually a volunteer serving with Canadians during the Big Ghastly.

★ ★ ½ LITTLE MISS BROADWAY

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, George Murphy, Jimmy Durante, Phyllis Brooks, Edna May Oliver, George Barbier, Edward Ellis, Jane Darwell, El Brendel, Donald Meek, Patricia Wilder, Claude Gillingwater, Sr., George and Olive Brasno, Charles Williams. Original screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Runnng time, 90 minutes.

EVEN around the dimpling little Miss Temple you've got to have a couple of meanies to stir things up. But somehow or other they forgot that fact when they planned this one.

Shirley starts out in an orphanage where every one is blissful. She meets George Murphy, who is a pet. There is, admittedly, Edna May Oliver as George's aunt and owner of the theatrical hotel, who is a bit of a Grumpy, but not enough. Shirley shakes her plump curls and pours forth her delightful comedy talents trying to inject some vitality in this, but for all her wishful enthusiasm, there's no putting across a plotless plot.

The sole situation here is that Edna May Oliver objects to the noise of the theatrical hotel and tries to dispossess all the actors. They all troop into court. Shirley does her dance. George Murphy does his dance. A mixed quartet sings. The court beams. Auntie beams.

You will, though, enjoy the songs and the bewitching beat of the Temple feet, most ingratiatingly backed up by the Murphy twinkling toes.

VITAL STATISTICS: Little Miss Hollywood, the millionairess Shirley Temple, is vacationing on a gypsy trip by auto across America, up through Maine into Canada and then on through the Canadian wilds and Northwest, circling down to Hollywood. Starting May 31 and due back September 1, it is Shirley's fourth vacation in as many years of moviefying, and her first time east of Los Angeles. She's been to Hawaii twice and up through Vancouver and the Northwest once before, the latter by car. Father and Mother Temple accompanied Shirley, along with Bodyguard John Griffith and wife and a woman companion. Father Temple did all the driving, usually making around 250 to 300 miles a day, having no set plans for night stops and no appointments to keep. Family is crazy about motoring, Shirley especially. They stayed at tourist camps at $1 a night, small hotels, large hotels, coming into town quietly, usually leaving a gaping crowd behind. In Washington, Shirley worried lest a loose tooth would fall out before she met the President, bit too hard into a sandwich night before their appointment, met him during a cabinet meeting, and all she and F. D. R. discussed was that tooth. President gravely said he'd authorize a Project to restore the tooth; got it as a souvenir. Shirley's nine, gained weight, has not yet got stringy. Family refused $500,000 in offers for personal appearances along route. Really wanted a vacation and got it. Shirley gets about $250,000 a year for her pictures, endless royalties on commercial products, could make a million or so on the radio.

★ ★ ½ ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST

THE PLAYERS: Jean Parker, Eric Linden, Hollis Jewell, Marjorie Main, Edward Pawley, Betty Blythe, George Cleveland, Sarah Padden, Guy Usher, Jack Kennedy, Jean O'Neill, Harry Harvey. Screen play by Marion Orth from the novel by Gene Stratton Porter. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 70 minutes.

CITY slickers may titter a bit at this, but among the simpler of heart it should find a grateful audience. It is, confessedly, old-fashioned and gentle, tear-compelling and spotlessly pure. It is that old, old fable of the mortgage on the family shack, the hardhearted landlord, the poor and beautiful girl, the aristocratic but clean young man. The girl is being forced to marry the landlord. When this hot-eyed gent dies under mysterious circumstances, an innocent lad is suspected.

If this had been presented as a story of today it would have seemed impossibly dated. But set against the scenes and clothes of 1905, it has its dime-novel holding power and nostalgic charm.

Jean Parker, delightfully minus her old coyness, plays the dreaming unlettered girl with touching simplicity. Eric Linden is too lightweight for the aristocratic young lawyer, but there are four excellent character performances by George Cleveland, Sarah Padden, Marjorie Main, and Betty Blythe.

VITAL STATISTICS: Up to 1924, when she died in an auto accident, Gene Stratton Porter claimed 50,000,000 readers for her four most pop novs—Freckles, Laddie, The Harvester, and A Girl of the Limberlost, which is about 2 more readers than I have. Made into Grade B pix and quickies, Mme. Porter's works have cleaned up, yet she's been spurned by Grade A producers. . . . Case you care to get technical, the Limberlost is a hunk of Indiana swampland, 95 miles square, of which the Terre Haute Chamber of Commerce is exceedingly proud because of literary associations. Fact, the T. H. C. C. gladly supplied info concerning Limberlost and its people for this, so blame them if you find swamp boners. . . . Jean Parker's of Deer Lodge, Montana, is French-Irish, real name's Mae Greene.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago.

★★★—Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

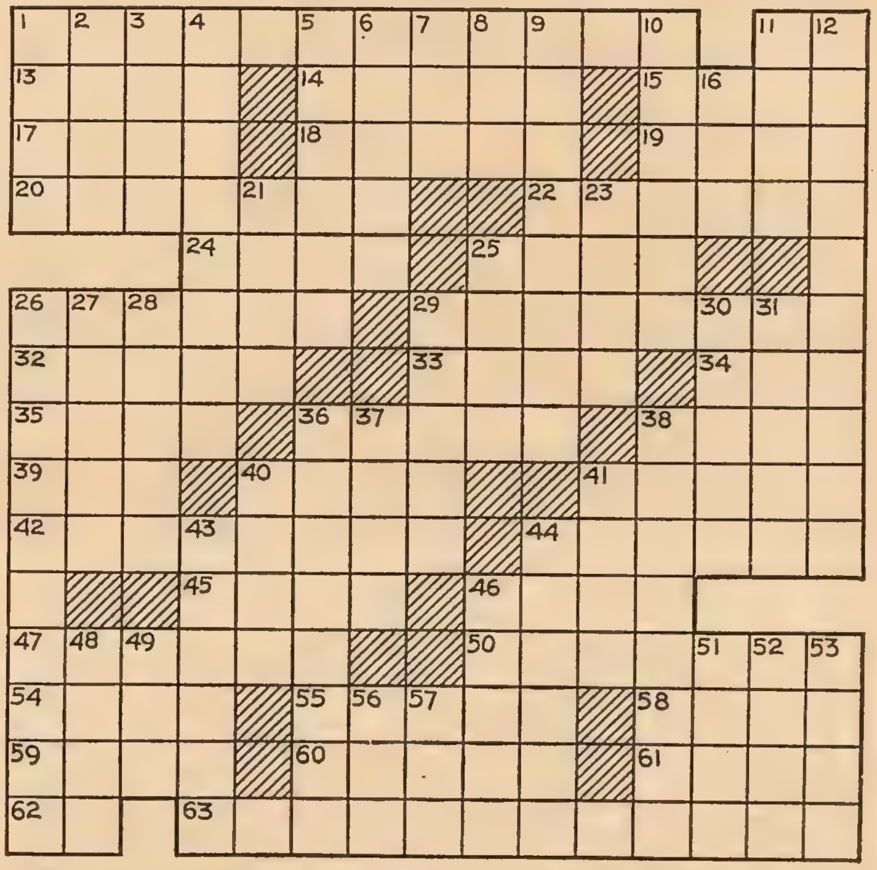
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Woolen postage stamps (two words)
11 " It finally penetrates my thick skull!" (abbr.)
13 Operatic war whoop
14 Town in Xwordia
15 Rineharty female
17 Informal dress for a fat man
18 Slips into the goo up to the elbow
19 ½ bone, ½ love, or all Norwegian
20 I'd never advise taking a needle for one—a girl, yes (two words)
22 Here's a man who enjoys holding the bag
24 The Cards could sure use a few this year
25 Optical suggestion
26 This kind of literature is read hot
29 Winged Martinis
32 New type all-steel turret-topped runabouts, very popular around Europe
33 Fat 1½%, crude fiber 1½%, ash 2%, protein 10%, water 11%, nitrogen free extract 72%, alcohol 500%, hangover 1,000% (pl.)
34 It's pronounced this way, why not spell it ditto?
35 Kind of kin you appreciate in wet weather
36 Metal found in cheeky people
38 Intellectual pastime of the old Wild West
39 A skinny figure
40 The darnedest squeaks from balls of wool
41 Cabbage, theater, hotel, Bert
42 Introducing Francesco, spaghetti-munching scholar, poet, and pal of Dante
44 Gals, beware these Greeks bearing gifts—especially if they have bachelor apartments
45 What disappointed butchers go into
46 Seaport, north coast Upolu I., Samoa (Let's have nomoa such words!)
47 Mandy in her fanciest manner
50 Just an old clam (var.)
54 Tar babies
55 Macbeth's taleteller
58 Red chief
59 Kind of nuts about the Southwest
60 It has a sinking spell whenever it's served with coffee (simp. sp.)
61 John Doe (are the little dears nuts about him!)
62 It's as big as a dash (no, not the 100-yard variety)
63 This has the highest sudden death rate known to man (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Ye olde-fashioned Saturday nightie
2 It's always on the level, folks, even if it only skims the surface
3 Common nickname for fat men
4 What most people use their heads for
5 Waggled the ear post
6 What the cautious horseman does to himself on the saddle
7 ⅗ths of what fools lack
8 Unorganized Anti-K-spellers (abbr.)
9 Hot
10 They fly around Canada in fives
11 Capri, Malta
12 They have genuine swish movements (two words)



16 This shall be last (abbr.)
21 It's not this that makes you slip; it's the drink (pl.)
23 Duty
25 What Baby Snooks is full of (pl.)
26 Nutty Kernel
27 He gave the Britishers one
28 The dub sailor's delight
29 You must be interested in this to do this type of puzzle
30 How sits thy dinner of pork, cucumbers, and ice cream, Macbeth?
31 The end of terror
36 Ladies of spirit
37 How a race horse feels
38 He says it's written in the books in indelible ink
40 Avon's biggest Bill
41 It has a large belly and is usually full of wind
43 Most loathsome pay-off in the world
44 Kind of outlook a coach dog has
46 The French love it
48 You get a free shine out of this and a lot of mushy talk
49 The 1, 2, 3 of learning
51 Unusual preposition
52 What French duels rarely leave
53 Kind of person who doesn't put all his feet in one bear trap
56 •
57 This makes a sissy out of Joseph

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

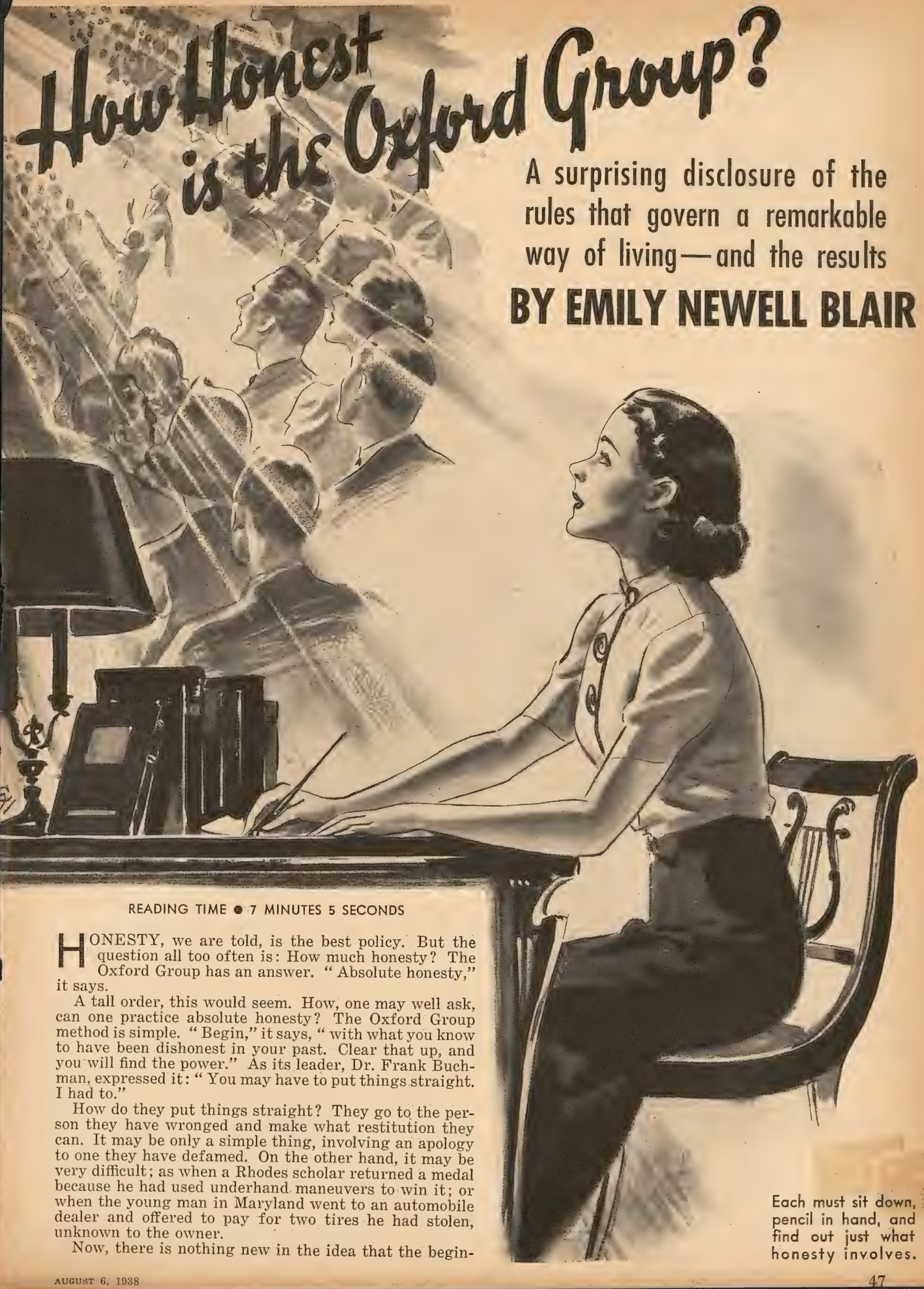
S	C	A	B		B	O	O	Z	E		S	E	E	D
A	U	R	A		R	A	V	E	D		T	A	R	E
D	E	E	R		A	S	I	D	E		A	R	S	E
	D	A	N	D	I	E	S	■	N	A	I	L	E	D
			A	I	D	S	■	S	T	I	R			
S	P	A	C	E	S	■	S	P	A	R	S	E	R	
O	R	A	L	S	■	F	L	A	T	S	■	R	A	H
D	I	R	E	■	G	L	A	R	E	■	M	A	N	E
A	D	O	■	F	L	U	K	E	■	M	E	T	E	R
	E	N	F	L	A	M	E	■	C	A	N	O	E	S
			I	O	N	E	■	B	A	R	T			
G	A	R	B	E	D	■	A	I	R	S	H	I	P	
A	L	O	E		E	A	G	L	E		O	M	E	N
S	T	A	R		R	I	N	G	S		L	A	T	E
T	O	D	S		S	T	I	E	S		S	M	E	W

Answer to last week's puzzle

How Honest is the Oxford Group?

A surprising disclosure of the rules that govern a remarkable way of living—and the results

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR



Each must sit down, pencil in hand, and find out just what honesty involves.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HONESTY, we are told, is the best policy. But the question all too often is: How much honesty? The Oxford Group has an answer. " Absolute honesty," it says.

A tall order, this would seem. How, one may well ask, can one practice absolute honesty? The Oxford Group method is simple. " Begin," it says, " with what you know to have been dishonest in your past. Clear that up, and you will find the power." As its leader, Dr. Frank Buchman, expressed it: " You may have to put things straight. I had to."

How do they put things straight? They go to the person they have wronged and make what restitution they can. It may be only a simple thing, involving an apology to one they have defamed. On the other hand, it may be very difficult; as when a Rhodes scholar returned a medal because he had used underhand maneuvers to win it; or when the young man in Maryland went to an automobile dealer and offered to pay for two tires he had stolen, unknown to the owner.

Now, there is nothing new in the idea that the beginning of a new life involves putting right what was wrong in the old. For centuries Christians who take Holy Communion have been exhorted in the words of the Prayer Book, "if ye shall perceive your offenses to be such as are not only against God, but also against your neighbors; then ye shall reconcile yourselves unto them; being ready to make restitution and satisfaction, according to the uttermost of your powers, for all injuries and wrongs done you to any other."

All that is new about this Oxford Group method is that men actually practice it. A Norwegian cashier, for example, acknowledges the embezzlement of $27,000 which had gone undetected. The customers of a bank in Switzerland, announces its cashier, paid £2,000 in undeclared back income taxes. A burglar who had successfully concealed a theft of articles valued at $200, writes to the man he has robbed a letter which, as read at his subsequent trial, runs: "My wish now is to make restitution. . . . What led me to write you was the fact that I came into contact with the Oxford Group, and of one of its practices, absolute honesty, I fall short unless I get right with you."

Nor do only those who have on their consciences what are commonly recognized as crimes find things to put right. Those whose small dishonesties have been so safely tucked into their subconscious as to be well nigh forgotten, discover prevarications, unfairnesses in business or family matters. An effective overhauling of one's past must be, according to the Oxford Group, thorough.

Good psychology this. Scars left by acts one feels to be wrong are crippling. The sense of guilt, even though the acts which caused it are almost forgotten, makes men inadequate, inept. To bring the acts that cause it into the open and wipe them out serves as a surgical operation on lesions. A new sensitiveness results. Power comes; a sense of wholeness.

KNOWLEDGE, however, that this is so, seldom brings men to perform this operation on themselves. There must be some incentive strong enough to overcome their fear. This incentive, with these Oxford Group people, is the desire to get in touch with God, have His direction in their lives, His power to help them. This contact, they believe, they cannot get until, as they put it, they have cleaned up the dirty spark plugs which have blocked the contact. Not, they would hasten to add, that they can do this on their own steam. But given the desire and faith and prayer, comes the power to do it.

Restitution for the past thus made, they then turn to the present. They find things that must be changed. At first thought, it might seem simple. The burglar will not steal. The liar will tell the truth. But in this complex modern world, absolute honesty requires much more than this as the Oxford Group practices it. To a butcher in London it means that "my customers do not get chilled meat any more for English." To the chairman of a large biscuit company in Barbados, the re-examination of his labor books for a year and all wages proportionately increased. To the owner of a large English housing estate, the reduction of rents to 200 tenants.

I could fill pages with instances of what its practice has involved. Absolute honesty is an uncompromising phrase. Various and wide are its applications, as those who practice it find out. The manager who turned down a $5,000 order, as well as the stenographer who ceased to chisel on his hours. The factory owner who raised the wages of his 300 employees, as well as twenty of his employees, paid by piecework, who stopped speeding up their machines to increase their output, because a high rate of speed turned out a poor product. The husband who stopped lying to his wife about his income, as well as the wife who saw that she should not run up bills which he could not afford. The novelist who withdrew a book from publication, as well as the woman who decided to stick to the truth instead of exaggerating in order to tell a good story.

NOR does its practice stop with changes from past performances. New areas of honesty open up to them. They see that honesty demands that they not only be scrupulous about another's money and time and energy, but that in every relationship with another they be direct, frank, open. So a business man calls his competitors together and tells them his policies, with the result that they tell him theirs.

The political leader of a national party tells his opponents just what tactics he intends to pursue and why, with the result, as he put it, of an immediate showdown without the waste of time and effort involved in the old circuitous, circumventing tactics. And a housewife abandons the pretense of perfection which caused her to become irritable at criticism and says frankly when things go wrong, "I made a mistake."

Yet, and this is the most interesting thing about this practice of the Oxford Group, the people who did these things did not start out with any blueprint of honesty. Each had to find out for himself what honesty for him involved.

How did he do it? He simply sat down each morning, pencil in hand, and thinking through in the light of Jesus' absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love the problems of his own day—problems dealing with his home, his business, his work in the world—asked himself the question, "What does God want me to do?" As he did so, with his contact cleared by having put straight his past—so he would say—convictions formed in his mind as to what he should do. "Taking orders from God," the Oxford Group calls this, orders which they are given the power, it appears, to carry out.

HAIR THINNING?

**Falling Excessively—
Flecked With Dandruff
Or Marked
By Patchy
Baldness?**

Bring GLOVER'S To Your Aid!

Glover's Treatment aids in combatting these scalp and hair conditions (1) By increasing the blood supply to the *hair roots;* (2) By the action of its helpful *medicinal* ingredients.

Glover's Mange Medicine with systematic massage WAKES UP your scalp; activates the blood vessels and tissues. It has a marvelous tonic-like effect; makes your scalp glow all over and feel delightfully refreshed. It imparts softness and lustre to hair and leaves the scalp clean and sweet.

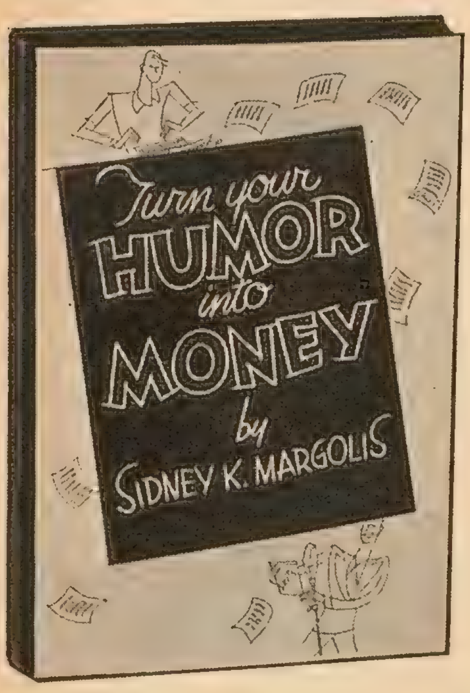
Glover's Mange Medicine and massage helps check excessive Falling Hair and promotes new hair growth in Patchy Baldness. Aids in relieving Dandruff and Itching, Oily or Dry Scalp.

IMPORTANT! Shampoo at home with Glover's Medicated Soap. It cleanses thoroughly and removes the Mange Medicine's clean pine tar odor. Get both at your Druggist's TODAY.

Your Barber knows the value of Glover's Mange Medicine Treatment. Have him give it to you regularly.

FREE booklet on Glover's System for the Scalp and Hair. Write **Glover's, Dept. X, 462 Fourth Ave., New York**

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE



HOW AND WHERE TO SELL
JOKES, WISECRACKS, ETC.

★ Every day thousands of original jokes, wisecracks, puns and other humorous expressions are made in private conversations that would have a definite cash value if the persons making them knew how to turn them into money. In his new, eight-chapter book, "Turn Your Humor Into Money", Sidney K. Margolis tells exactly how and where professional humorists market their material. If you are of a humorous turn of mind, there is no reason why your humorous thoughts and expressions should not add materially to your income. Send for a copy of this unique book today and profit by the valuable information it contains. Substantially bound only $1.00 postpaid.

Ace Feature Syndicate, Inc.
Dept. L 8-6, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

What this does to the individual is indicated by the statement of a woman to me the other day in Washington, a brilliant intellectual. "I don't know what these people have," she said, "but they have something that you wish you did." What they have, the Oxford Group would say, is a sense of direction, a simplification of purpose that comes from taking these orders. For in doing this, they are free from the conflicting demands of their own desires and urges; they feel themselves part of an over-all plan. As a young ex-stockbroker put it, "Once I took my orders from other brokers, from the stock-market situation, from my own desires and prejudices and weaknesses, and they conflicted with one another so that I never knew where I would end up. Now that I take them from the Highest Source, they fit together and I have no question as to the result."

So much for the individual's gain from the Oxford Group method of practicing honesty. But there is more to it than this. When we see what it has made men and women do, we begin to understand what it could do to our society. Suddenly we realize why the English journalist, Garth Lean, calls the Oxford Group "a Christian revolution which aims at changing the world by changing the people in it." We remember the Lord's Prayer and we know why those words, "Thy kingdom come," are followed by those others, "Thy will be done." When His will is done, the kingdom will come. Done, the Oxford Group would add, by individuals beginning where they are to put straight their pasts and then taking orders for their present acts. So does the Oxford Group practice honesty.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—J. Edgar Hoover.
2—Pandora, fashioned of clay by Vulcan.
3—Minneapolis, Minnesota.
4—A Greek cross.
5—Usually from the intestines of sheep.
6—About 150; 400.
7—Ores—wolframite is a source of tungsten; wulfenite of molybdenum.
8—Seven.
9—Those of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden. The battle took place October 16, 17, and 18 in 1813, and is also known as the Battle of Leipzig.
10—Elaine Barrie, later wife of John Barrymore.
11—No, on vines.
12—The mongoose.
13—Letts.
14—The Bible—in reality a collection of books.
15—Salmon.
16—Gluck's Orpheus and Eurydice, which was produced at Vienna in 1762.
17—Connie Mack (Cornelius McGillicuddy), seventy-six-year-old manager of the Philadelphia Athletics.
18—Weaving.
19—Sixteen.
20—
R Waldo Emerson

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

You ask permission to use my letter in your testimonial work; I did not tell you the half of it. A friend left her Cascade with me to use until I could order one from you which I did at once. I had not slept for four years without sedatives and anything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade five nights I slept like a baby and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month the first three months. I used the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman; in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health and do all my work which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the wonder woman but I am not; I give *all* credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take $1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work; I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

Mrs. W. J. Bass,
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Texas

* * *

About 40 years ago, I was constipated to the point of danger, and my face turned to sallow light green in color. I was feeling very badly and was a patient of a doctor for months. Then I sent for the Cascade and used it according to instructions. I kept up the treatment for about ten days, and then every other day for a month and so on until I used the treatment every two weeks more or less. My cheeks gave the glow of a rose and I became strong, active and never felt better in my life. One day, the doctor stopped his gig and said to me, "William, you do not pay me any more visits; tell me why." I said, "Well, doctor, I have found relief and I do not have to pay you visits any longer." He said, "What is it?" I told him it was Dr. Tyrrell's J.B.L. Cascade. He said, "Stop it; it will paralyze your bowels and you will not be able to have a passage without it." I said to him, "Well, doctor, I am satisfied with the way I feel and I have no lack of evacuation to date." He clapped the reins on the horse's back and said, "Gedyap." In about two months I met the doctor again and he said to me, "William, are you using that thing yet?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I bought a Cascade and let me tell you it is FINE."

Wm. Montague O'Neill,
1222 7th Ave., Neptune, N. J.

* * *

The Cascade is worth hundreds of dollars to every home.

Lee P. Miller,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

* * *

In the year 1920 my entire system was poisoned from my teeth. My dentist extracted all of them, treated the cavities and advised me to purchase a J.B.L. Cascade. He told me it would help nature discharge the poison from the system that collects in the lower colon. I also went to our family doctor for advice. He told me to continue the use of the Cascade and put me on a diet. He said he didn't know of anything that would do as much good as the flushing of the colon. Anyway, I got back to normal condition and I honestly believe the Cascade did the trick. I was bothered with pin worms that harbor in the colon for 30 years. I did everything our family doctor advised but the pin worms were still present. The faithful use of the Cascade got rid of them and that was a God-send. I honestly believe the Cascade is more important in a home than a bathtub.

K. G. Votaw,
1709 Sixth St., Berkeley, Calif.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some newfangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L. 8-6, 152 West 65 St., New York, N. Y.—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

L. 8-6

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65 St., New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name..

Street..

City..............................State..................

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

DOWNTOWN, in the heart of New York City, I have just wandered through a jungle dreamland among giant lilies of lurid yellow, spiked cactus of unearthly blue, with exotic fronds of scarlet towering overhead . . . and every bit of it made of feathers!

Margaret Barrett is the lady whose unique art creates such scenes. She makes fantastic flowers out of feathers, tin foil, velvet—anything and everything. From an obscure start as a Boston girl earning extra spending money designing favors for parties, she has developed an extraordinary business, supplying decorators, window dressers, etc., with her sensational blooms. Her success story is encouraging, I think, for all women of taste and imagination who need to make their handicrafts pay.

The Barrett feather garden attracts private customers, too. When United States Ambassador Joseph E. Davies left for Russia a year or so ago, Mrs. Davies took along seven cases of Margaret Barrett's feather flowers to brighten the Moscow embassy.

Margaret uses all kinds of feathers—chicken, turkey, pigeon, vulture, crow. Guinea-hen feathers are the worst to handle, she says, because they make her sneeze.

☆ Because both families opposed the match so bitterly, a couple I know ran away and got married ten years ago. The in-laws have since become reconciled—while apart. But they came together recently to help celebrate the tenth anniversary (tin wedding) of the elopement. And their old antagonism boiled up so violently that the ten-year-married pair had to run away all over again to escape the bickering. From a distance they sent back this telegram: . . . "Tin wedding great success. Keep right on panning while we spoon."

☆ Acted my first—and probably my last—movie part the other day, appearing in a commercial-promotion picture. It was quite an ordeal, what with the heat, the glare, and the strange studio language. *Especially* the language. . . . I faced the camera dressed in my best, trying to smile my sweetest. Suddenly a technician pointed and yelled, "Break that baby's neck!" Never in my life have I felt so insulted.

The director grinned and explained: "He doesn't mean you. He means he wants the small light bent lower."

Squinting at me, the technician growled, "Hey! I'm lacking a broad here." . . . Again the director, Bob Howard, soothed my ruffled pride. "No. Not a crack at you. He's just asking for another battery of lights."

☆ Target shooting with a .22 rifle is popular now among grown-up women and men as well as among girls and boys. At her country cottage the actress Helen Hayes maintains a unique shooting gallery. All the targets are portraits of well known drama critics. Helen and her theatrical friends enjoy taking pot shots at life-sized likenesses of Burns Mantle, George Jean Nathan, John Anderson, et al. A target of fun and easy to make. Paste a large photographic portrait on wood or metal and bang away to your heart's content.

☆ There are times during the summer when we all need a good hot meal for a change. People who live in hot climates know this, and provide for it. Here's a New Orleans beef stew which serves that purpose well. . . . Cut 2 pounds beef in inch-square pieces. Brown in butter with 2 beef bones and a little beef suet. Slice 2 large onions and brown in butter. Put all together in roomy earthenware casserole, adding 6 shredded green peppers, 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 can tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 3 chopped garlic cloves, ½ teaspoon thyme, salt and black pepper to taste. (Be fairly generous with the pepper.) Cover and stew gently about 2 hours, adding water if needed. Remove beef bones. Thicken stew with a little flour and water. Serve in casserole. Fresh corn bread on the side.

☆ Recommended for midsummer madness—Morton Gill Clark's true adventure book, Captains Outrageous. (Published by William Morrow & Co.) Author's wife is Amy Vanderbilt Clark, style publicist.

☆ *Feminine notes for no reason:* . . . (1) Ice-cube borrowing, says Thyra Samter Winslow, is the only practice that links our apartment-house life to old-fashioned neighborliness. . . . (2) Statisticians now claim the average woman spends three quarters of an hour each day in front of her mirror, totaling twelve days a year. Thus, between the ages of sixteen and sixty we devote at least two whole years of life to looking at ourselves in the glass. . . . (3) Recently it has been determined that Alice blue is the color most attractive to men—and to common houseflies. Fashion authorities urge us to win male admiration by wearing blue. Scientists say we could catch more common houseflies (*Musca domestica*) if we used blue flypaper.

"I thought you'd never get here!"

LAST CHANCE TO WIN YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

FINAL WEEK

$2,000 CASH PRIZE

STARGAZING CONTEST

GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!

HERE is the final chance to seek your fortune in the stars! The last two drawings appear on this page. As you prepare your solutions for entry, remember that simplicity is best. This is not a fancywork game and no additional rating will be given by the judges for elaboration and ornamentation. Concentrate on accuracy and be sure that you submit with your twenty solutions the brief statement required by Rule 4. This statement is an integral part of your entry and must be included with every set of solutions.

If you have happened upon this contest before, or if you have just decided to enter, you can get into the game by solving this week's drawings and then sending five cents in stamps to the address in Rule 6 for reprints of the first eighteen drawings. All such requests must be received on or before August 5, after which no late-entry material can be supplied.

Here is a suggestion to all you contestants who will wind up your work this week: Before you place your entry in the mail, make sure that it is just the way you want it. Liberty, because of the volume of work entailed in judging this contest, cannot enter into any correspondence concerning the entries. Make sure yours is right before sealing the envelope.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

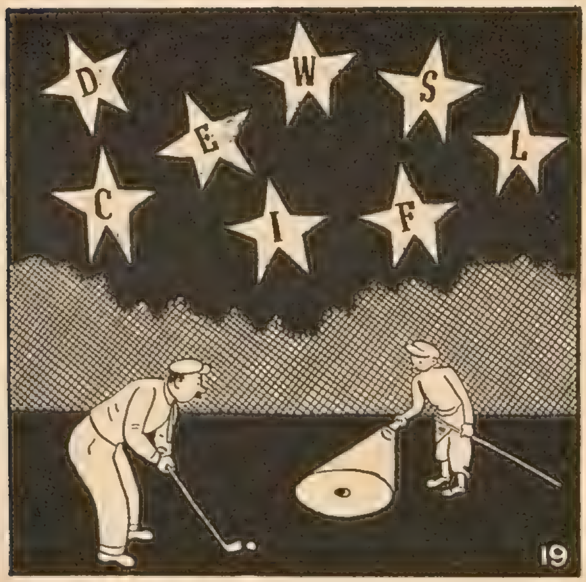
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

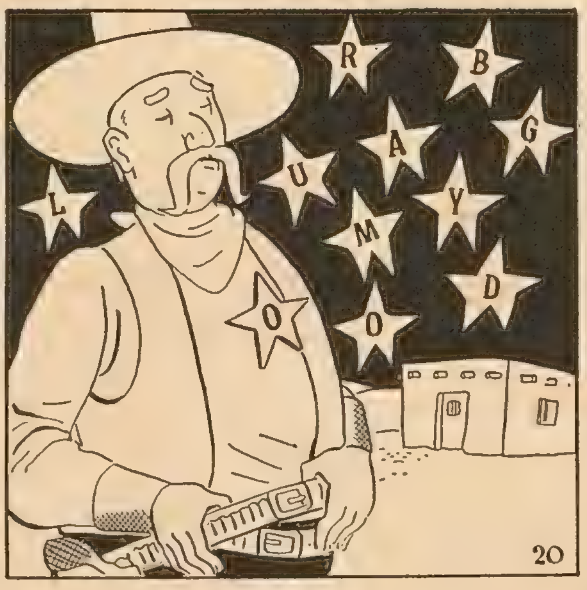
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, or Radio Mirror magazines.

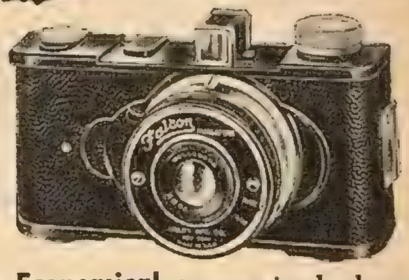


NAME______________________



NAME______________________

NEWS!
A SIMPLIFIED
MINIATURE
CAMERA
$3.98



★ **Economical** — uses standard make films. Takes 16 pictures on reg. 8 picture roll. Picture size 1⅝" x 1¼".

★ **No Special Knowledge** — no complications! Any amateur can take brilliantly clear pictures.

★ **Pictures Enlarge Splendidly** — due to sharpness of detail. Unconditionally guaranteed for 12 mos.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send remittance to us (and dealer's name) and we will ship your camera to you.

Falcon CAMERAS

made in U.S.A.

At Camera, Dept. & Drug stores, etc.

UTILITY MFG. CO., Inc., 261 5th AVE., N. Y.

STOP Hay Fever

FILTER *the* AIR YOU *Breathe!*

FRONTAL SINUS
PASSAGE FROM NASAL CAVITY TO SINUS
LACHRYMAL DUCT TO EYE
SPHENOIDAL SINUS
PASSAGE TO NASAL CAVITY
OPENING TO ANTRUM
EUSTACHIAN OPENING TO EAR
CLEAN FILTERED AIR
POLLEN
GERMS AND DUST
SAND
SOOT-DIRT
METAL-DUST

***When* TREATMENT FAILS *why not* PREVENT!**

Dr. Weaver's Nasal Filter

(Fully Patented)

At last! Relief past belief for Hay Fever, Extrinsic Asthma and Sinus sufferers. Catches pollen, powdered chemicals and germ-laden dusts. The Nasal Filter protects all nasal and upper head passages.

Acclaimed by Thousands

Scarcely visible. Facilitates breathing. Non-toxic; made of pure silver. Five adjustable sizes to assure perfect fit and comfort. A PROVEN SUCCESS. Invented by Dr. Harrison J. Weaver of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Fitting Agencies in More Than 250 Cities

ASK your surgical supply house or leading prescription pharmacy. Write for illustrated 16-page booklet "A" and complete list of authorized fitting agencies. Act immediately to avoid suffering this year.

THE NASAL FILTER CO. COLUMBUS OHIO

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why the Kitty Hawk Plane May Stay in England

DAYTON, OHIO—Mr. Guy F. Harden's presentation (July 2 Vox Pop) of the facts involved in the controversy between Orville Wright and the Smithsonian Institution is seriously open to question. However, the readers of Liberty should know why the Kitty Hawk plane is in England, and the facts from official records and publications will present the true version.

First: Glenn H. Curtiss did not fly the first heavier-than-air plane. Neither Professor Langley nor the Smithsonian ever claimed this, and their records show that airplanes, in the sense that we know them, were designed and built many years before the Langley and Wright machines. They had one fault in common—they would not carry a man in the air.

Second: Mr. Harden says that Langley's plane flew off a boat in the Potomac River. Even casual research would have disclosed that it was *catapulted* off a houseboat, and did not fly off.

Third: He says the plane was raised from the river and sent to Mr. Curtiss at Hammondsport, where " Glenn Curtiss figured out at last where the design was wrong and what changes should be made." Further, he says, " The plane flew but was held only about eight feet off the ground. . . . After this first flight at Hammondsport, the Wrights made history at Kitty Hawk."

The Langley aerodrome was not sent to Curtiss from the bottom of the river, but from the Smithsonian Institution, and not until 1914, eleven years after the Wright brothers' Kitty Hawk flight. Secondly, the hop Curtiss made was not from a field but from a body of water, as the plane was equipped with pontoons. The advances in aerodynamics in the eleven years since the Kitty Hawk flight enabled Curtiss to modify the plane sufficiently to make it " hop " from the surface of the water.

The Wright brothers did not send the Kitty Hawk plane to England (in 1928), as stated by Mr. Harden. Orville Wright sent it there. Wilbur Wright died in 1912.

The Kitty Hawk plane is on foreign ground today because of the misinformation, propaganda, and innuendo emanating from sources that wish to discredit the achievement of the Wright brothers. It isn't there because Mr. Wright is " sore " at America. After years of mockery, recriminations, legal battles, and controversy, Orville Wright is still a modest, gentle, and considerate man. He wants no honors for himself, but he does want history to be correct, and until the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution do modify their attitude the plane will remain in England.

The Kitty Hawk plane symbolizes the beginning of a new epoch in human history. Had the Wright brothers lived in any other country than ours, this plane would have been enshrined.

America will lose this priceless treasure. For, in the event the controversy between the Smithsonian Institution and Orville Wright is not settled, on his death the Kitty Hawk plane becomes the property of England forever.—*Carl Paul Falb.*

NAZIS ATTACK MR. BELL, BUT HE DID SEE HITLER

N. B.—What Hitler Told Me, by Edward Price Bell (May 21 Liberty), brought down the anger of the Nazis upon the author's head mainly because the London Sunday Graphic, which reprinted the article, gave the impression that it was " hot off the griddle."

Liberty gave no such impression. In the May 14 issue Mr. Oursler said in his preview of the coming week's contents: " Here is a face-to-face meeting with Germany's leader, given, it is true, some time before he marched into Austria, but expounding his long-range political intentions with unaccustomed candor."

The following letter was written in explanation of the situation by Mr. Bell to Dr. Karl Boemer, the chief of foreign press affairs in Berlin:

GULFPORT, MISS.—Mr. Deuel, Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, kindly suggests that I write you about the recent Nazi press attacks upon me in connection with my interview with Herr Hitler. I already had heard of these attacks, but they seemed to me so extraordinarily wild and untrue that I decided to take no notice of them.

All the misunderstanding seems to have arisen from the fact that Liberty held the Hitler interview for some time, reserving meanwhile priority of publication.

I had entirely given up hope that the article would appear, though it had been paid for promptly. Suddenly I was amazed to see it in the place of honor in Liberty. Very shortly afterward my literary agent in London cabled for permission to publish abroad and I gave that permission.

All I wish to say to you is what I already have said to Fulton Oursler, editor in chief of Liberty. Namely, I spent several weeks at the Adlon Hotel, using such influence as I had to induce Herr Hitler to see me and talk for publication. Dr. Hans Dieckhoff, then in the Foreign Office, did all in his power to aid me in getting the interview. Ambassador Dodd did the same. And Dr. Thomsen introduced me to the Fuehrer and did our interpreting.

The interview is a perfectly accurate record of what I saw and heard in the Chancellor's office.

I personally cannot believe that there is anything in this matter to which Herr Hitler would object, even though the article was held so long before seeing the light.—*Edward Price Bell.*

SENATOR VANDENBERG AGREES WITH MR. MACFADDEN ON " SPENDING SPREE "

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am in complete agreement with Mr. Macfadden's statement in his July 2 editorial, That Billionaire Relief (Political?) Fund. I have fought this political spending spree from start to finish on the floor of the Senate. It is stimulating and encouraging to have Liberty carry on in this battle.—*A. H. Vandenberg, United States Senate Committee on Finance.*

NEXT WEEK'S SYNOPSIS RAISES HIS BLOOD PRESSURE

BURLINGTON, N. J.—What must one do to get rid of an obsession? Mine is Liberty.

What has Liberty got that keeps me so spellbound? Can I ever be weaned? I'm afraid not.

One would praise its editorials; another the crisp stories or the special articles on vital subjects; some are interested in Vox Pop or the contests. To me it's the last page, by Fulton Oursler! He presents a preview of the coming issue of Liberty in such fascinating manner that makes me wish next Wednesday would come sooner.

Reading his next week's synopsis of Liberty raises my blood pressure, makes my pulse faster.—*M. Berger.*

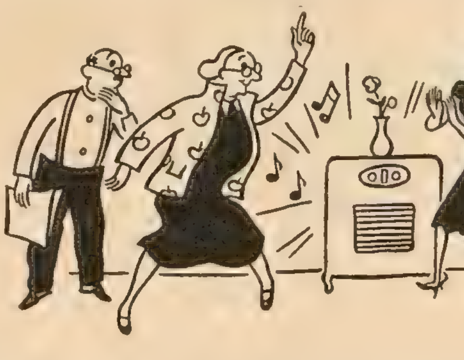
HARD TIME RAISING PARENTS

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—*Re* the letters written by two young daughters (April 23 and June 4 Vox Pop) expressing their wishes as to just how mother should conduct herself in order to hold their respect and leave them with sweet memories of her amuse me no little. And I'll tell you why.

One of them, who lives a life of whoopee, wishes memories of a gracious old lady with folded hands and full of years of a noble life. Pray tell me, just what is she doing to deserve such a beautiful memory?

The other one is, oh, so magnanimous! She would like mother to be a good fellow—have a good time! If mother wishes to do the big apple—well, it's just too, too cute!

It has never entered their poor little heads that mother might like them to conduct themselves in a manner that would bespeak the years of toil and sacrifice on mother's part.

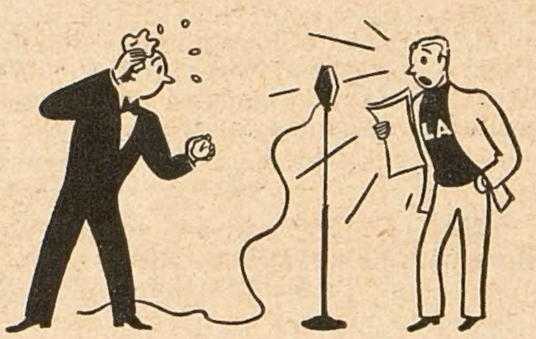


My answer is, this younger generation is certainly having a heck of a time trying to raise their parents.—*Mrs. V. C. Futrelle.*

THIS KID READS 613 WORDS IN 57 SECONDS!

Los Angeles, Calif.—I thought you might be interested in knowing that we've finally found a fellow who doesn't think very much of your "reading time" on Liberty's grand yarns. This fellow is a good reader, although he is only sixteen years old, and likes good stories as well as the next man.

His name is Allan Armer and he is a student at the Los Angeles High School. Here's why he doesn't think much of the "reading time" idea: The kid reads, aloud, 613 words in 57 seconds! We have a transcription of one of his exhibitions, made during a KFI Fast Talk program. This 613 words in 57 seconds is, to our knowledge, a new world's record in the art of fast talking.—*KFI, Earle C. Anthony, Inc., KECA.*



DEPENDING UPON DING-DONG AND POOH-POOH THEORIES

Kecoughtan, Va.—I do not like your *raison d'être* for your apodictic and apodeixis story in June 11 Liberty entitled Shall Uncle Sam Pay Your Doctor Bill? by Donald F. Wickets.

We are too fast becoming a nation of stand-in-liners depending for our daily living upon the ding-dong and pooh-pooh theories of those who claim to know how to manage to obtain the best results for the people of a nation—but don't.—*Fred Beighton.*

MR. MIMS IS RIGHT

Chicago, Ill. — Author Margaret Fry, in the story Mr. Mims (June 4 Liberty), is right. If the expectant father is actually the head of the family the baby will be a boy; if the expectant mother is the actual boss the baby will be a girl. If they take turns being boss, the sex of the next child will vary accordingly.—*Hal Stacey, M. D.*

MR. DAVIS' TWELVE-HOUR DAY

Alhambra, Calif. — In June 11 Vox Pop John Allen Davis writes: "The unions yell around for a six-hour day. Any one of us fellows will gladly work twelve!"

It is men like Mr. Davis that are keeping other men out of work, not the unions. The idea of the six-hour day is to put four men at work where three men are working now. Mr. Davis' twelve-hour plan would have two men where three are working now. It would put more men out of work and add them to the relief rolls.

Any one who reasons like Mr. Davis does must be twins. It doesn't seem possible any one person could be that dumb.—*S. H. Penrod.*

PUBLISHER ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT SHORT SHORT

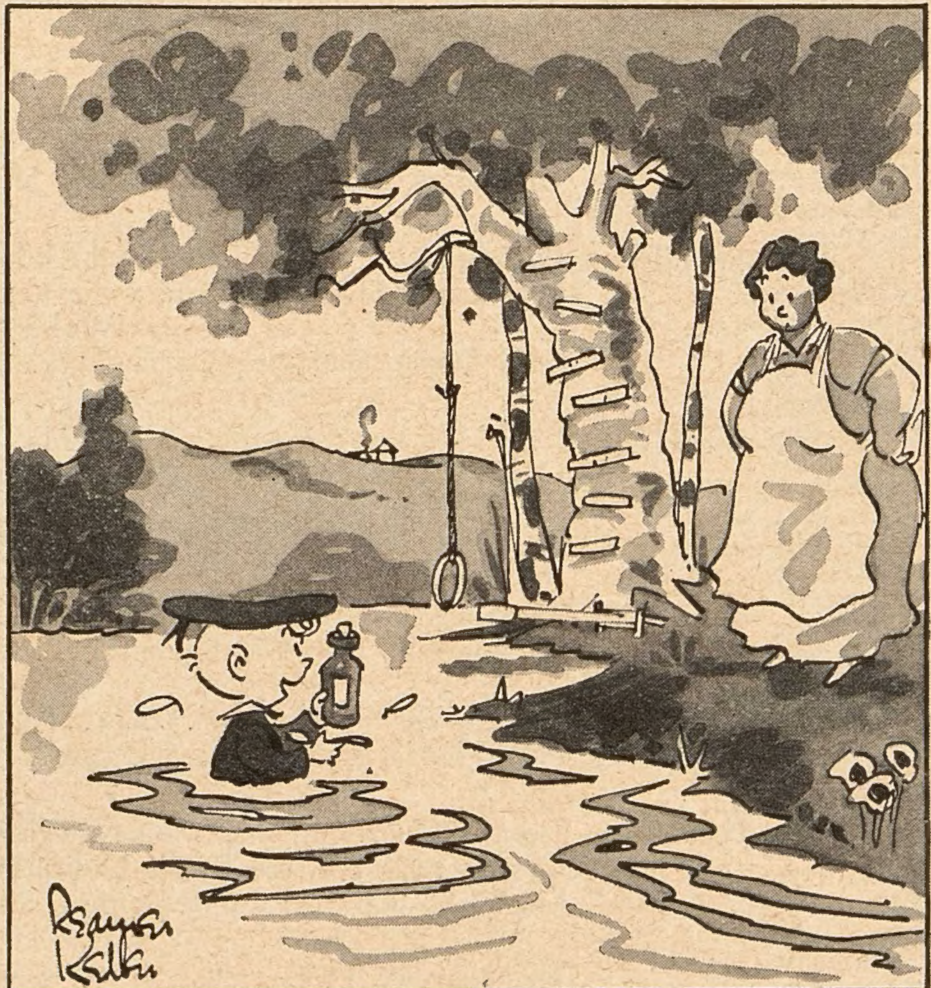
Lock Haven, Pa.—Glancing through June 11 Liberty, I found my attention caught by your current Short Short, the newspaper sketch, Framed, by George Peck, and spent five very enjoyable minutes reading one of the cleverest short stories I recall encountering in your magazine.

Newspaper short stories often fail to ring true, but Mr. Peck seems to know the field from the inside. I'd like to read more of his work in Liberty, which I find a very entertaining and informative magazine.

Readers, as I know, are quick to tell the editor about the things they don't like; in this case I thought the editor would appreciate hearing from an enthusiastic reader eager to report on something he *does* like.

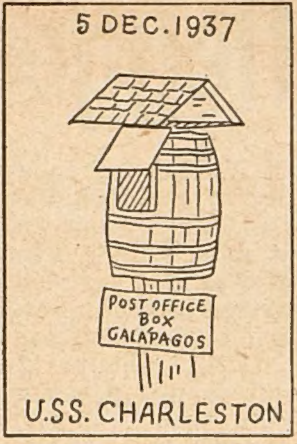
Congratulations to Liberty and to Mr. Peck.—*Frank D. O'Reilly, Publisher the Lock Haven (Pa.) Express.*

"HARDTACK"



"It says on the bottle to take a teaspoonful in water after meals, ma."

A LETTER THAT TOOK SIX MONTHS TO REACH US!



U. S. S. Charleston, Flagship, Post Office Bay, Santa Maria Island, Galápagos Islands—Just before leaving the States I was very much interested in a story, which was running in Liberty at that time, concerning a party of people located at Post Office Bay in the Galápagos Islands.

Little did I know, at that time, that I too would soon be cruising around the Galápagos. However, come what may, here I am, and right in Post Office Bay.

The home of Herr Wittmer is about eight miles from the landing, but I have not seen it personally. If there are any other houses on the island I have no knowledge of them, as I have not been ashore as yet.

Will you be surprised to hear from the scene of your story, and especially so since this letter will be left in the barrel mailbox without a stamp, to be picked up and mailed by the next ship that passes? By an unwritten law, it is their duty to furnish the stamps.—*John W. Cross, Y2c., U. S. N.*

WHO CARES HOW TYRONE POWER WAS RAISED?

Atlanta, Ga.—I read your magazine every week, but will discontinue this habit if you continue filling up your pages with such trash as How I Raised Tyrone Power (June 25 Liberty).

I wonder who you think cares how Tyrone Power was raised. I think that you should stop "press-agenting" for these so-called wonder boys of the screen.

Yours for more good stories like Murder Lady.—*L. L.*

NUX VOMICA FOR NIGHTMARE MUSIC

Edgewood, R. I.—Why I Won't Play Swing, by Leo Reisman (May 28 Liberty), is a fine article. It's nice to know that there are still band leaders who are not self-appointed butchers of melody. If some of our so-called famous orchestra leaders could only get away from the technique of improvisation long enough to listen to the horrible conglomeration of blatant noise which they create, they would take a dose of nux vomica to kill the nightmare, and start over again.

Band leaders have insulted our sensibilities long enough.—*J. H. Wilcox.*

A Bootlegger of Death and Destruction

CERTAIN BOOTLEGGERS OF today make their money out of the forbidden traffic in arms. . . . Gunrunning was always with us; but now, with a good part of the world at war and all sorts of neutrality acts written into our laws, the game has become one of fabulous stakes. . . . The truth about the illegal traffic in arms is not a pretty story. . . . The man who tells that story in Liberty next week does not sign his name. . . . Naturally, he would not dare to. . . . It is difficult to know how and why he brought himself to write it. . . . One reads its odious disclosures with something of the feeling one has in the reptile house at the zoo. . . . Not that the anonymous author is boasting of his sins. . . . He is not. . . . Perhaps he even cherishes the thought that, to some little degree, he is, by this statement, beginning the long process of purging his soul. . . . Whatever made him write it, the thing is written, and next week you may know something of the depths to which human infamy, driven by greed, may descend. . . . Imagine a cargo of machine guns destined for the desperate Chinese troops. . . . Every machine-gun barrel has a hole in it—condemned machine guns that will explode when fired, bringing death to all who stand near them. . . . These guns being bootlegged to the Chinese will kill, not the enemies of China, but her own soldiers. . . . That is one of the ways in which munitions bootleggers get rich. . . . You will never forget what this man tells in the article in Liberty next week. . . . But there is a finer note of a tone of courage and inspiration in another article in the same table of contents. . . . How the Pope Held Off Death, the heroic struggle of Pope Pius to live on until his mighty tasks were performed, is something that every one, Jew, Protestant, and Catholic, can take to his own life and be enriched. . . . There will be also an extraordinary little piece by Marjorie Hillis called Fun After Forty: How to Get It. . . . There are many more interesting features which we recommend to you unreservedly, including Why Balance the Budget? by Arthur Garfield Hays; Mother's Prayer, that will touch your heart; Port of Broken Men, by Edward Doherty; Advice to Fortune Hunters and to Barbara Hutton, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; another article by Dizzy Dean; and more about Crime Control, by J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the G-men. . . . Paradise Kate will be there, and so will Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, with a strong defense of her intensive investigations. . . . All this, and still three excellent short stories: An Old Spanish Custom, by Mahon O'Moran; A Promise Is a Promise, by Llewellyn Hughes; and Free Air, by Bert Green. . . . FROM THE NOTEBOOK: We had luncheon one day recently with Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and the Hope Diamond. . . . We asked Mrs. McLean if she would let us touch this large glittering stone that once hung around the lovely and doomed neck of Marie Antoinette. . . . "I do mind," said Mrs. McLean. "You may touch it if you wish, but every one who has touched it has had some dreadful misfortune. The last to touch it was a young member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Only a short time after his fingers felt of it, he dropped dead at the telephone." . . . You have two guesses whether we touched it or not. . . . As for us, we shall never tell. . . . Lowell Thomas, who is a neighbor for the summer of Thomas E. Dewey, drives in from Pawling, New York, to New York City to broadcast. . . . Lowell drives himself, and his secretary rides beside him taking his dictation on the two-hour drive into town. . . . Rupert Hughes was recently playing "The Game" about which we told you. . . . The quotation which Rupert had to convey (without speaking a word) was "I stood on the bridge at midnight." . . . Rupert got it over in thirty seconds. . . . First, he turned the hands of his wrist watch to twelve o'clock. . . . Then he removed a section of his teeth and stood on it. . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is testing public sentiment through the Middle West in his trailer. . . . Achmed Abdullah is in Maine, clipping roses and coupons. . . . Floyd MacGreggor writes: "I know the private superstition of Robert L. Ripley. Believe it or not, he will never tell any one his destination when he goes traveling, nor the date of his departure, for fear bad luck will follow if he does." . . . Vera Zorina is the new love of New York. . . . She is the celestial gossip in I Married an Angel, the new four-star smash hit of Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart. . . . We hope to tell you the private story of Zorina in Liberty soon. . . . She is the most alluring lady to startle Broadway in many's the day. . . . One of our good friends in Texas sends us the following marked paragraph from a column by Helen Ruth VerHeyden in the Fort Worth Press: "You're probably wrong, too, about the most popular magazine in the weekly field. It's not Collier's nor Post nor Life that grips the interest of the Fort Worther. Liberty leads—by a clear margin of 1,000 copies per week."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Vigilante Committees for Law Enforcement at the Polls Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Just One of the Family.................Fannie Kilbourne 8
Puffy and the Spotted-Dog Situation.......Carl M. Chapin 16
The Royal Giver—Liberty's Short Short..........Will Irwin 35

SERIALS

Paradise Kate—Part II. Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot 20
Why I Am Still Investigating the Lindbergh Case—Part III Evalyn Walsh McLean with Alan Hynd 28
Love During Business—Conclusion.....Margaret E. Sangster 39

ARTICLES

I Was No Pop-Off—They Made Me One........Dizzy Dean 5
Can You Take a Joke? Jack Benny Can and Gets Rich! Frederick L. Collins 12
How to Clean House in the Medical Profession Dr. "George B. Raymond" 14
The Sheik of Araby Rides Again............Frederick Lewis 26
A New Way with Old Crimes.............J. Edgar Hoover as told to Herbert Corey 33
Found—The Fountain of Youth............Edward Doherty 36
How Honest Is the Oxford Group?.......Emily Newell Blair 47

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 19; Movie Reviews by Ruth Waterbury, 45; Crossword Puzzle, 46; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 50; $2,000 Stargazing Contest, 51; Vox Pop, 52.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY HOWARD CONNOLLY

DO YOU WANT A JOB—OR A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN?

Turn your HUMOR into MONEY by SIDNEY K. MARGOLIS
A.B.C. SHORTHAND
WILLIAM ALLAN
Making Amateur Photography Pay
HOW TO SELL YOUR PICTURES
Introduction by D. MORGAN Editor
A Small Business of Your Own
WITHOUT CAPITAL INVESTMENT
1000 SPARE TIME MONEY MAKING IDEAS
CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK including Self-Testing Examinations
Complete Home Study Courses for Federal, State and City Civil Service Positions
1000
MAKING ART PAY
THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING
AN INSTRUCTION BOOK ON HUMOROUS DRAWING
PRICE $1.00
BY CHUCK THORNDIKE

1. TURN YOUR HUMOR INTO MONEY—By Sidney K. Margolis

Every day thousands of original jokes, wisecracks, puns and other humorous expressions are made in private conversations that would have a definite cash value if the persons making them knew how to turn them into money. In his new, eight chapter book, "Turn Your Humor Into Money," Sidney K. Margolis tells exactly how and where professional humorists market their material. If you are of a humorous turn of mind, there is no reason why your humorous thoughts and expressions should not add materially to your income. Send for a copy of this unique book today and profit by the valuable information it contains. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

2. CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK—By William A. Brooks

Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

3. A SMALL BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—100 Spare Time Money Making Ideas—By William Allan Brooks

This helpful book contains 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest dependable business. It is intended primarily for the thousands of men and women who do not want to trust their economic security to the whims of an employer—also for the woman who wants to add to the family income, for the middle-aged man or woman dependent upon others, the recent graduate and the student wondering how to earn tuition, it will prove a sound and dependable guide. The 1000 plans set forth are true reports of the various ways in which thousands of persons right now are earning money by their own initiative. Substantially bound—send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

4. MAKING AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY—By A. J. Ezickson of New York Times - Wide World Photos

Tells how to make your camera pay—what sort of pictures to take—how to take them for best effect—where to sell them (including over three hundred names and addresses of markets). Also tells how to caption and mail pictures to editors of newspapers, magazines, syndicates, etc. Twenty illustrations showing types of pictures most in demand. Your present collection may contain saleable prints. A fine practical book for anyone owning a camera. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

5. A B C SHORTHAND—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons

By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs or symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today—$1.00. (Because of copyright reasons we cannot accept Canadian orders for A B C Shorthand.)

6. MAKING ART PAY—By Charles Hope Provost

For the advanced art student, recent graduate or any artist who has not yet arrived, a practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to aid in turning their artistic ability into cash. A special section is devoted to aiding beginners in developing talent and a market for their output. Written by a man with forty years of successful experience creating and selling art work of all kinds including advertisements, magazine covers, cartoons, mail order pieces, oil paintings, etc., this outstanding book can be of great value to you. Order today. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

7. THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING

is a fascinating book for amateurs, beginners and teachers of elementary art, illustrated with over three hundred humorous drawings and diagrams by the author, Chuck Thorndike. The unique method of instructing is amazingly simple. You can learn to draw a head, express amusement, anger, surprise, action. These are a few of the features covered in the ten practical lessons it contains. Other chapters explain comics, sports, advertising, and various types of cartooning. The author, a popular artist, is gifted with exceptional talent for teaching others. So constructed with its big 8¼ x 11 pages and heavy antique paper cover that it will lay flat open on the drawing board. Our timely offer, postpaid $1.00.

YOUR CHOICE, $1.00 – All books on this page are priced at $1.00 per copy. A coupon is provided for your convenience. Circle the numbers representing the books you want, enclose remittance of $1.00 for each copy desired and mail. If you wish your order sent C.O.D., fill in coupon, check C.O.D. square and mail. Then upon delivery pay the postman $1.00 for each copy plus a few cents postage.

OUR GUARANTEE

If any book we send you is not satisfactory return it within five days after receipt and your money will be refunded promptly.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

DEPT. L 8-6 205 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC., Dept. L 8-6
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

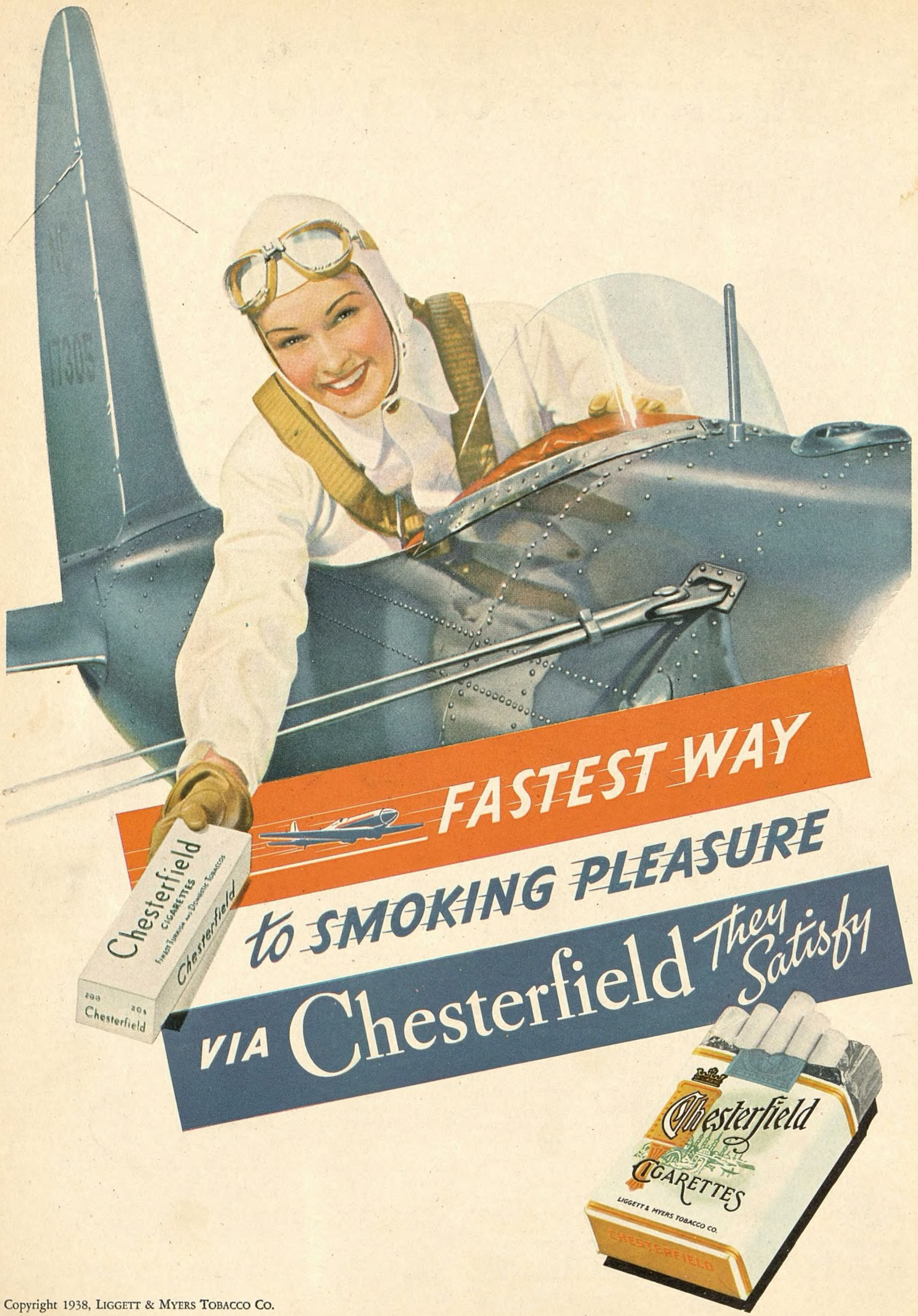
I enclose herewith $..........................for which please send postpaid the books indicated below. My money will be refunded on any unsatisfactory purchase.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

☐ Please send C.O.D. I will pay postal charges.

Name..

Address..


NC
17305
FASTEST WAY
to SMOKING PLEASURE
VIA Chesterfield They Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos
Chesterfield
200
20s
Chesterfield
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.